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MORRISON'S
GUIDE TO
THE
GLASGOW, GREENOCK
& AYRSHIRE
RAILWAY.

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presented to the
Leland Stanford Junior University
by Timothy Hopkins.

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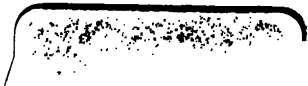




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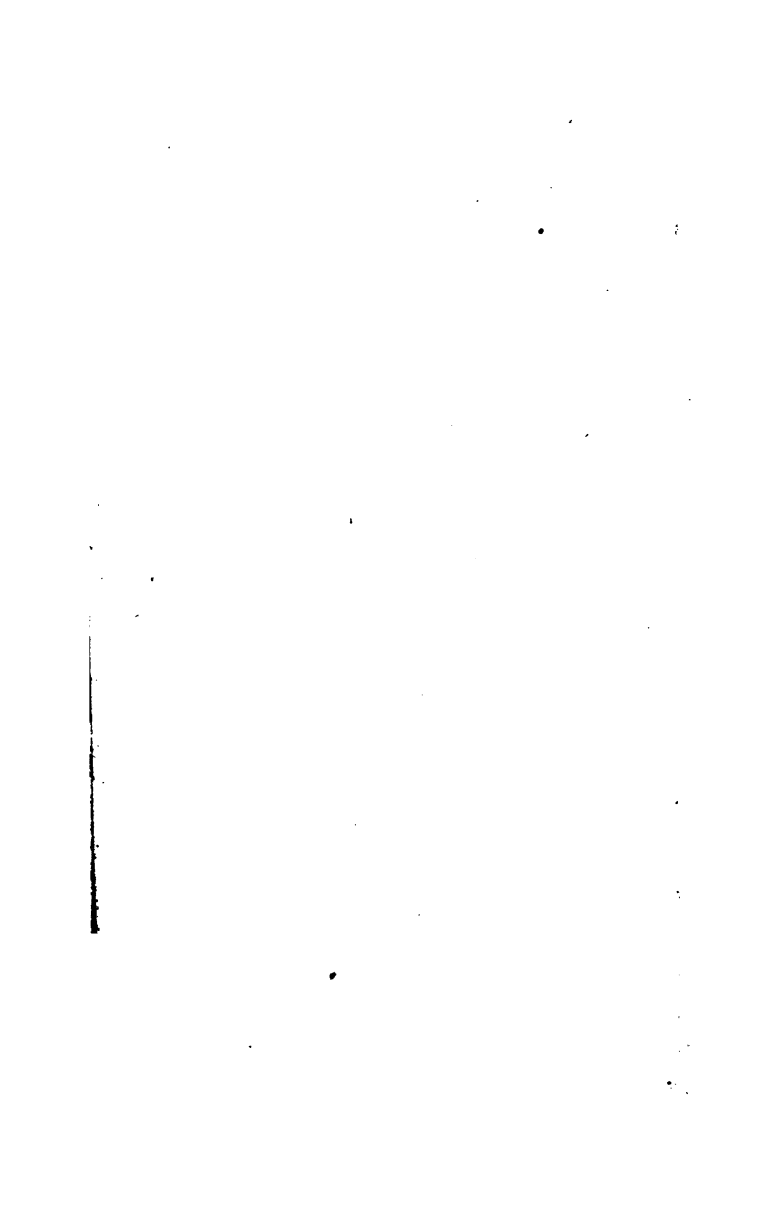


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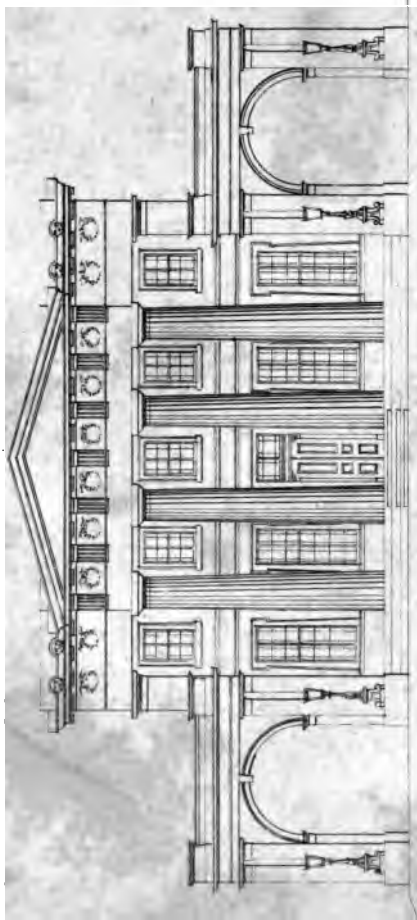


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GLASGOW, PAISLEY, KILMARNOCK AND AYR RAILWAY STATION HOUSE.—

CLAS COW.

THE
GLASGOW AND AYR
AND
GLASGOW AND GREENOCK
RAILWAY COMPANION:

CONTAINING
A DESCRIPTION OF THE RAILROADS;
WITH
NOTICES OF THE TOWNS, VILLAGES, ANTIQUITIES,
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S SEATS IN THEIR VICINITY;
OF THE MEMORABLE EVENTS WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN, AND THE
CELEBRATED CHARACTERS WHO HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH,
THE DISTRICTS WHICH THEY INTERSECT.

BY JOHN WARDEN.

GLASGOW:
JOHN MORRISON, 21, NEW BRIDGE STREET;
JOHN DICK, AYR; JOHN HISLOP, GREENOCK.

MDCCCXII.



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TO
THE DIRECTORS
OF THE
GLASGOW AND Ayr, AND THE GLASGOW AND GREENOCK
RAILWAY COMPANIES,
THE FOLLOWING
DESCRIPTION OF THESE IMPORTANT UNDERTAKINGS,
AND OF THE DISTRICTS WHICH THEY TRAVERSE,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR
VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE PUBLISHER.

INTRODUCTION.

No period in the history of our country has such a strong claim to the proud distinction of the age of invention and enterprise, as the one in which we live. When not many years ago the first successful attempts were made to propel vessels in the Clyde by steam, the excursions of these vessels were for some time limited to the estuaries of that river. But it was soon discovered that the mighty element which science had called into existence would enable them to brave the billows of the Atlantic Ocean. The locomotive rapidity with which the steam engine propels on land, surpasses by many degrees that which it is capable of accomplishing on water, from the much stronger resistance of the medium with which on that element it has to contend; and the far greater expedition than by any other mode, with which travelling on railways can be accomplished, has led to their formation in several places where water conveyance can be obtained under very favourable circumstances.

The utility of railways to a trading and agricultural community is so obvious that we are not perhaps too sanguine in anticipating that the period is not at a very great distance when the whole length and breadth of the Kingdom, every city, town, and district within her bounds, will be intersected and connected by a mode of conveyance which triumphs over time and space—two powers, which, previous to the invention of the steam engine, were considered uncontrollable by human agency.

The formation of a railway to connect Glasgow and Paisley with the numerous and thriving manufacturing towns

of Ayrshire was proposed a good many years ago, but it was not till 1836 that decisive measures were taken to carry this desirable purpose into effect. In the month of April of that year a subscription for the undertaking was opened by a few public-spirited gentlemen in Glasgow and in Ayrshire, and so popular did the design become that in a short time several large subscriptions were received, after which the parties were called together, a committee chosen, and a prospectus, accompanied by a sketch of the line, circulated. Applications for shares to a much greater extent than the sum required to be invested amounted to, were soon obtained from Scotland alone, and from the great number of applicants for shares, the committee, exercising a sound discretion, selected a body of proprietors, who, in point of respectability, will not be found surpassed by any railway company in the Kingdom. In the list of the proprietary will be found the names of many of the largest owners of land upon the line, as also those of many of the most influential and respectable individuals in the various towns which it comprehends.

This railway embraces in one continued chain, a more densely peopled district, a greater number of towns, villages, public works, sea-ports, and watering-places, and traverses a district of country richer in minerals and objects of general interest, than any one of similar extent in the Kingdom. Of the advantages which this railway is calculated to afford, the agricultural and manufacturing interests in the west of Scotland will participate in no inconsiderable degree, and to the citizens of Glasgow it will open up an easy, cheap, and rapid access to a beautiful district of country, to which they will, no doubt, gladly escape, as often as circumstances will permit, from the bustle and smoke of the town, to enjoy the blessings of fresh air and wholesome recreation.

Genius, like the sun, gilds every object on which it shines, and hallows every spot with which it comes into contact. We have no doubt, therefore, that the admirers of Burns, (and what Scotsman is not his admirer?) will consider the ex-

pedition access which the Glasgow and Ayr Railway affords to the place of his birth, and to the scenery which his genius has invested with such powerful attractions, as none of its least recommendations.

To gratify the natural curiosity which travellers feel to obtain a more enlarged knowledge of the more prominent objects which lie on their route, than the mere sight of them can afford, is the design of the Glasgow, Ayr, and Greenock Railway Companion. We have spared neither pains nor expense to render the information contained in it as accurate as possible. We have repeatedly traversed the district, which it is its object to describe, and our information respecting several of its interesting localities, has been obtained from persons resident on the spot. Of the historical and topographical works containing information adapted to our purpose, we have freely availed ourselves. But from these works we have taken nothing but facts, and we trust it will be found, from our observations on these facts, that we have not been servile retailers of the opinions of others, but have thought for ourselves.

To the gentlemanly courtesy of the Directors of the Company we have been much indebted. They were no sooner made acquainted with our design, than they expressed their willingness to facilitate it by every means in their power, and practical proofs of the countenance which they encouraged us to hope for, have been frankly and liberally accorded. The agents of the Company at the different Depots, have likewise very readily and kindly communicated such information as their residences at the stations where they are respectively located, have afforded them an opportunity of obtaining. We trust, therefore, that the Glasgow, Ayr, and Greenock Railway Companion will prove a faithful one; nor are we without hopes that it will be found to possess the additional recommendation of an agreeable one.

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different establishments, and, to execute the prodigious amount of business in its different departments, fifteen thousand men, and six hundred horses and oxen are constantly employed. Of the 134 cotton mills contained in Scotland nearly one hundred belong to Glasgow. In 1832 there were 10,897 workers employed in 49 of the spinning and weaving mills, of or belonging to Glasgow. In 1831, the power and hand-loom belonging to Glasgow were 47,127, and since that time they have greatly increased in the city and suburbs.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.—This magnificent edifice, founded in 1829, and situated in Queen Street, was built from designs by David Hamilton, Esq. It is one hundred and ninety-one feet six inches in length, and in width seventy-nine feet, nine inches. Besides ample accommodation for the transaction of business, it contains a large and elegant reading room, ninety-three feet, six inches long, and sixty-two feet, six inches wide. This space is divided by two rows of Corinthian columns, into three compartments, of which the centre one is used as a promenade, and the other two for perusing the newspapers and periodicals with which they are abundantly provided. This spacious hall, in which five hundred persons can be accommodated at dinner, is lighted by nineteen large semi-circular headed windows. The building, in front, is embellished with a noble Corinthian portico, in imitation of the temple of Jupiter Stator, and surmounted by a beautiful circular tower, on which is placed a handsome clock, with four dial-plates, one of which, fronting Ingram Street, is illuminated in the evenings. The subscription to the Royal Exchange is two pounds, two shillings, annually.

CATHEDRAL.—That the arts of Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, have been much indebted to the fostering influence of the Roman Catholic religion, admits not of doubt. Among the gorgeous edifices dedicated to religious purposes in Scotland, while that religion predominated in it, the Glasgow Cathedral holds a distinguished place; its length is 319 feet, width 63, height of the nave 90 feet, of the choir 85 feet, and it is lighted by 157 windows. That the Cathedral is of very remote antiquity is universally admitted, but as to the precise time when, and the person by whom it was founded, chroniclers do not agree. It appears to have progressed, by very slow degrees, from a structure of little pretensions, to the extent and grandeur which it ultimately attained. In 1560, the fury of the populace, against popery, manifested itself by an attack on the Cathedral, which they stripped of its ornaments, and were proceeding to pull down its walls, but they were saved by the timely interposition of the authorities. The dilapidating influence of age has been felt by the Cathedral, both externally and internally, and as it is justly considered one of the greatest ornaments of the city, a strong and general wish has been expressed for its renovation, and active exertions, we understand, are now making to raise the necessary funds for repairing the ravages which time has made on this magnificent edifice.

THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM.—So called from having been erected to contain a magnificent collection which was presented to it by the celebrated Dr Hunter. It stands behind the College, and is considered one of the most classical edifices of the city; its library consists of more than ten thousand volumes. Its collection of

medals is superior to any of the kind in Britain. In anatomical preparations, paintings, minerals, shells, corals, and zoology, its collections are numerous and valuable, and arranged in a judicious and tasteful manner. The Museum is an object of great attraction, and is spoken of by every one who has seen it in terms of the highest commendation.

NÆCROPOLIS.—The hill which forms the Necropolis lies to the east of the Cathedral, to which venerable pile it forms a solemn and appropriate ornament. It was opened for sepulture in May, 1833, and in the course of four years and a half the interments amounted to 2076: it contains a great number of monuments, many of which are executed in a style of great elegance. The sums expended for sepulture, in this *Père la Chaise*, attest the wealth of the Glasgow merchants. The first purchase in the Necropolis was made by the Jews, within the enclosure of whose cemetery there is accommodation for washing the bodies before interment, as prescribed by the Jewish law. On this cemetery are inscribed some beautiful lines from Byron's *Hebrew Melodies*, of which the following is the concluding stanza:—

“ Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
Where shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind his country—Israel but the grave.”

Strangers will be much gratified by a sight of the Necropolis which, from its high elevation, commands a much better view of Glasgow than can any where else be obtained.

THE RIVER CLYDE.—There is nothing which more strikingly attests the zeal and perseverance which have

been exerted for the welfare of Glasgow than the immense improvements which have been effected on the Clyde. It appears that, prior to 1658, the merchants of that city were obliged to have recourse, for a harbour, to the Ayrshire coast; in 1662 the magistrates purchased thirteen acres of land from Sir Robert Maxwell, of Newark, on which the harbour of Port-Glasgow was built. Less than fifty years ago, only vessels of thirty or forty tons' burthen could come up to the harbour of the Broomielaw; and it is not more than about thirty years ago, that, for several consecutive weeks, not a vessel of any description was to be seen at the port of Glasgow. The improvements on the river have occasioned such a prodigious increase of trade, that in 1821, vessels drawing thirteen feet six inches water, came up to the harbour; and now, vessels upwards of 350 tons may be seen three or four deep along nearly the whole length of the harbour. In the year 1834, no fewer than 27,000 vessels passed Renfrew Ferry on their way to Glasgow, and of these sometimes between twenty and thirty in an hour. The Camden, the first vessel not belonging to the East India Company which brought a cargo of tea direct from Canton to Britain, was chartered by Glasgow merchants. The ship James M'Inroy, 450 tons' burthen, drawing fifteen feet water, arrived at Glasgow on the 17th of June, 1836, from Canton, with a cargo of tea for Glasgow merchants. A few years ago, the harbour was only 730 feet long on one side. It is now 1,200 feet long on the south, and 3,340 on the north side of the river, and a still greater extension is in progress. The Trustees were the members of the Town Council, and five merchants appointed by them; but by an Act of Parlia-

ment, which received the Royal assent on the 4th of August, 1840, the constitution of the River Trust has undergone a considerable alteration. The Trustees appointed under the authority of this Act are, the Lord Provost, five Bailies, Dean of Guild, Deacon Convener, fifteen members of the Town Council, Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, three persons chosen annually by the matriculated members of the Merchants' House, two persons by the members of the Trades' House, two persons by the Bailies and Birleymen of the Barony of Gorbals, one person by the Magistrates and Council of Calton, and one person by the Magistrates and Council of Anderston.

The Act gives powers to these trustees for widening, deepening, scouring, enlarging, and improving the River and Harbour, and for constructing a Wet Dock, Wharfs, and other works in connection therewith. These operations are to be carried on until the river and harbour, throughout every part, shall have attained at least the depth of seventeen feet at neap tides. For the purpose of effecting these extensive improvements, the lands of Windmillcroft, at the West end of Tradeston, have been purchased, and the operations, which are expected to be finished in two years, will soon be commenced.

THEATRE.—The taste for dramatic amusements does not seem to be very generally diffused among the inhabitants of Glasgow. The Theatre is rarely numerously attended, particularly in the higher priced departments, except when the bills announce the arrival of some celebrated performer. Nor do histrionic talents, of even a high order, always attract large audiences: and when the Manager finds his object in bringing forward a star

defeated by the want of that patronage upon which he calculated, it is not surprising that he should be somewhat chary in encountering an expenditure under circumstances which render doubtful the prospect of indemnification. The efficiency of a theatrical corps very much depends on the support which the public are willing to give it; for what inducement could a merchant have to fill his shop with such high-priced commodities as his customers are not willing to purchase?

In January, 1785, a theatre was opened in Dunlop Street, but being considered too small for the city, another, of very large dimensions, was erected in Queen Street, at an expense of £18,500, and opened in April, 1805. A lease of this theatre was granted at an annual rent of £1,200, but the lessee failed. The rent was then reduced to £800, but this sum could not be paid. It was then still farther reduced to £400, but the building was ultimately sold at a price which barely covered the outstanding debts and the ground rent. On the forenoon of January the 10th, 1829, this theatre was burnt to the ground, by a gas-light having come into contact with the ceiling of one of the lobbies. A new theatre, or rather a resuscitation of the old one—which, however, it greatly excels in magnitude and elegance—has been lately erected in Dunlop Street. An additional theatre has been, for a considerable time, the subject of discussion among those who feel a relish for the entertainments which it affords, which, when properly regulated, are certainly among the most rational and intellectual that can be enjoyed. But the project has not yet assumed any tangible shape, nor, from the general indifference which prevails on the subject, is there much ground to hope for its speedy realiza-

tion. The monkey tricks of the Circus, which are only calculated to gratify an idle and vulgar curiosity, are far more attractive than the exhibition of those dramatic characters which the matchless genius of Shakspeare has so admirably depicted.

NEWSPAPERS.—Glasgow had not a Newspaper till 1715, when, during the heat of the rebellion, the Glasgow Courant appeared. It was published three times a-week, and sold for three-half-pence, but to regular customers, as it designated them, for one penny. It existed only a few years. All the attempts subsequently made to establish newspapers were unsuccessful till about 1775, when the Chronicle was started, since which period the newspapers have gradually increased to thirteen in number. In no respect is the contrast between the olden time and the present more striking than that which the newspapers of the two periods present. Some fifty or sixty years ago, editors of newspapers were a class that can scarcely be said to have existed. At that time, the printers of newspapers were usually the editors of them, and a glance at their contents will suffice to show how lamely and inefficiently their task was performed. The universal dissemination of newspapers, and the spirit and literary ability with which they are now generally conducted, give them a greater influence on public opinion, than, perhaps, all other political publications exercise. The Glasgow newspapers are—

Argus, published, Monday and Thursday.
 Chronicle, - - - Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.
 Glasgow Evening Post, Saturday.
 Journal, - - - Thursday.
 Scotch Reformers' Gazette, Saturday.

Scots Times,	- -	Wednesday.
Scottish Patriot,		Saturday.
Constitutional,	- -	Wednesday and Saturday.
Courier,	- - - -	Tuesday, Thursday, & Saturday.
Glasgow Mail,	- -	Saturday.
Herald,	- - - -	Monday and Friday.
Scottish Guardian,		Tuesday and Friday.
North British Advertiser,		Saturday.

The first seven are liberal, the five following conservative; the North British Advertiser is not a political, but an advertising vehicle.

SOCIETY.—The hauteur too often generated by wealth, is not nearly so prevalent in Glasgow as in the capital and some other Scottish towns, where the classes to whom fortune has been propitious, avoid as much as possible all intercourse with those to whom her favours have been less liberally dispensed. Here all orders of the community harmoniously mingle, and superior mental endowments, whatever be the worldly circumstances of their possessor, meet with the respect to which they are entitled.

Though the claims of business, and the zeal with which it is prosecuted, leave the inhabitants of Glasgow little leisure for literary pursuits, you will nowhere find a population more disposed than they to avail themselves of such opportunities as they can command for the improvement of their minds, and the enlargement of their knowledge. The taste for reading, which can here be gratified on very easy terms, is almost universally prevalent, and at public meetings the speeches sometimes delivered by Glasgow merchants, yea, even by her artisans, need not shrink from a comparison with many of those ad-

dressed to assemblies of far higher pretension. Glasgow is eminently distinguished for her public spirit and the lively interest she takes in all important national questions. Her powerful voice took the lead in the cry raised throughout Scotland against West India slavery, and the zealous and persevering exertions of her Anti-Slavery Association will long be remembered and applauded by every friend of humanity.

POPULATION.—The following table will show the rapidity with which the population of Glasgow has risen to its present amount :—

YEARS.		SOULS.	YEARS.		SOULS.
1560	4,500	1763	28,300
1610	7,644	1780	42,832
1660	14,678	1785	45,889
1688	11,948	1791	66,578
1708	12,766	1801	77,385
1712	13,832	1811	100,749
1740	17,034	1821	147,043
1755	23,546	1831	202,426

Since 1831 there has been no government census taken, but there is strong reason for thinking that the population at present amounts to nearly 300,000.

From the above brief sketch, which is all that our limits can make room for, of a few of the principal features of Glasgow, we proceed to give an account of the Railway, beginning with the

DEPOT AT TRADESTON, GLASGOW,

which, as it is fast verging towards its completion, we shall consider as in a finished state. By an arrangement entered into between the Glasgow and Ayr,

and the Glasgow and Greenock Railway Companies, it was agreed that this depot should be erected at their joint expense, and for their mutual accommodation. The ground laid out for the depot, measures about 14,000 square yards; besides this, there is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres between Paisley canal and Cook Street, kept in reserve for yards, stores, and other necessary purposes. The station-house is 80 feet long, 60 feet broad, exclusive of the archway, and 45 feet high. It is built in the Grecian Doric style. On the front facing Bridge Street, there is a massive portico surmounted by an entablature and pediment, and supported by four columns 30 feet in height. Round the building is a carriage way 15 feet wide, with a footpath 5 feet broad. On each side of the portico there is a handsome archway. The Railway is connected with the station-house, by an ornamented cast iron bridge, 20 feet long, and 11 feet wide, over which passengers pass to take their seats in the carriages. The booking office for passengers, is 52 by 45 feet. It has on each side a broad flight of steps, leading to the first floor of the station-house, which is on a level with the Railway. By these stairs passengers are conducted to a vestibule 45 by 14 feet; on each side of which there is an elegant waiting-room for first and second class passengers—the one for ladies, and the other for gentlemen. On the left of the vestibule, is an apartment where the meetings of the Directors are held, and on the right the Secretary's room and offices, where the general business is transacted. The whole space under the ground floor is arched and divided into cellarage compartments, porters' rooms, &c. Behind the building between King Street and Clyde

Place, is the passengers' depot, which is covered with handsome sheds, supported by ornamented cast iron pillars. From Clyde Place to Cook Street, the line is carried along forty-nine arches, crossing four streets, and from the number of bricks, upwards of five millions, made use of in the construction of these arches, an idea may be formed of the magnitude of the operations.

This depot, whether considered as a whole, or with reference to its multifarious details; the nice adaptation of means to the purposes for which they were intended—the ample provision made for the comfortable accommodation of passengers, or the chastely classical style of the architecture, may challenge a comparison with any establishment of a similar kind in the kingdom. It affords, on the one hand, a striking display of the scientific skill of the architect, and shows on the other how very liberally, in a pecuniary point of view, the Directors were disposed to act, when a great national undertaking was to be accomplished. That part of the building appropriated to the depot of the Glasgow and Greenock Company, is so similar in its general arrangements to the Glasgow and Ayr department, that the description given of the one, may be considered applicable to both. The seats must be paid for in the booking office, and the tickets which passengers receive, carefully kept, as they will be demanded by the guard, and if not given, the seats may be re-charged. Passengers must also provide themselves with small change, that troublesome delays may be avoided. The comfort and convenience of passengers themselves will in a good measure depend on the regularity with which in an establishment of such complexity as this, the most minute details of business

are conducted. It is but just to the agents and servants of the Company to say that passengers receive from them every mark of civility and attention.

When the passengers are snugly seated in the carriages, and the preparations for the departure of the train completed, the capabilities of the hissing monster on whom the task of conducting it to its destination devolves come into play. At first he proceeds at a much slower rate than he is capable of, as if grudging to undertake the very *onerous* duty imposed on him; but in a short time this reluctance leaves him, and he not only becomes resigned to the lot which fate has decreed him, but ambitious of showing off the extent of his propelling energies. Collecting with this view his whole might, he both surprises and delights the passengers by making the train sweep along with an ornithological rapidity that seems to set distance at defiance, by accomplishing in a few minutes the work of an hour. When Dr. Johnson and Mr Boswell were driving along in a postchaise, the sage exclaimed, "Life has few things better than this." If the Doctor's opinion be correct, how superior must be the pleasure resulting from the speed with which the railway carriage is propelled; and to a humane mind this pleasure will be heightened by the consideration that we owe it not to the fatiguing exertions of animals, often tasked beyond their strength, but to the capabilities which science has communicated to an inanimate power.

On leaving the Depot you are carried over a series of arches, and after crossing West Street bridge, and the Pollock and Govan Railway, the line runs on remarkably favourable ground, through the lands of Sir

John Maxwell. Govan is a pretty little village, about two miles below Glasgow, and appears to great advantage when seen from the Clyde, on whose banks it is beautifully situated. The church is a prominent and attractive feature of the landscape. Its chaste style of architecture is much admired, and its tower and spire very much resemble those of the cathedral of Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place of the immortal Shakspeare. It was into Govan parish that the first factory for throwing silk in Scotland, was introduced in 1824 by Mr Morris Pollock. The line here for upwards of a mile runs parallel to the Glasgow and Paisley Canal, and at different places reaches within a few feet of its banks. This canal, which was originally intended to extend between Glasgow and the Firth of Clyde at Ardrossan, has not been carried beyond Johnstone. In its construction £130,000 were, it is said, expended. Light gig boats, carrying about 100 persons each, are employed for the conveyance of passengers. One of these starts every hour during the day, both from Glasgow and Paisley, beginning at nine in the morning, and ending at the same hour at night.

The line here passes under a road leading to Standing Stanes and Bella Houston, the property of Moses Steven, Esq., and crosses through a tunnel about 100 yards in length, under the Glasgow and Paisley turnpike road. At this place the operations were interdicted for several weeks, through the opposition of the Road Trustees, founded, as we understand, on some slight and scarcely perceptible alteration, which the formation of the Railway would produce on the level of the road. The dispute was at length adjusted, but

not before a great deal of trouble and unnecessary expense were incurred. On leaving the tunnel, you pass under the road leading to Ibrox farm and Laigh Craigton, at about 300 yards from which is beautifully situated Craigton House, the elegant residence of Henry Dunlop, late Lord Provost of Glasgow. About four furlongs forward, you are conducted through the lands, and near the mansion-house of Robert Urquhart, Esq., a gentleman who at one time was strongly opposed to the encroachments of the Railroad on his property, under an impression that it would thereby be deteriorated. From Mr Urquhart's grounds the line passes through Cardonald, the property of the Right Hon. Lord Blantyre, whence it proceeds over the parish road, leading to the royal burgh of Renfrew. This town is situated three miles north from Paisley, and six miles west from Glasgow. Anciently it was a place of considerable renown, and the county, of which it is the capital, had the honour of giving to Scotland a Stuart King. George IV. assumed the title of Baron of Renfrew, and our present Queen is the Baroness of Renfrew. One of the chief historical incidents connected with Renfrew is the following:—While Marjory Bruce, the daughter of King Robert Bruce, and the wife of Walter Stuart, was hunting near her residence here, she fell from her horse and was killed. Being pregnant at the time, the cæsarian operation was performed. But though the life of the child was saved, one of his eyes was so much injured by the instrument, that the mark remained on it through life, which drew upon him, when he came to the throne, the nickname of King Blearie. Renfrew would be greatly benefited by a proper harbour, of which it stands very

much in need. Its vicinity is adorned with some gentlemen's seats, of which the most worthy of a stranger's notice, are those of Elderslie and Blythswood. The population of Renfrewshire, which in 1755 was only 26,645, amounted in 1831 to 133,443, an augmentation in 76 years unexampled in any county of Scotland.

The line now passes along the land of Laigh Hillington, the property of Andrew Buchanan, Esq., whence, proceeding under a parish road, it enters the lands of Rillees, a portion of Ralston Estate now in the possession of the British Linen Banking Company. Here the heaviest embankment, amounting to 16 feet in depth, between Glasgow and Paisley is found. The line then curves gently round, and cuts through the high ground at Arkleston, the property of Alex. Spiers, Esq., Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire. At Arkleston the deepest cutting along the whole line occurs, being in some places not less than 55 feet. The material which behoved to be displaced before the level was obtained, amounted to above 273,000 cubic yards. From a much greater extent of labour than was previously supposed being found necessary to subdue this formidable obstacle, it is understood that Mr Brassy, who contracted for that portion of the line which lies between West Street, Glasgow, and Greenlaw Street, Paisley, has sustained a considerable loss.

The line here passing through the Arkleston tunnel, about 200 yards long, and 29 feet span, proceeds along the lands of Gallowhill and Greenlaw, the property of Mrs. Marianne Kibble, intersecting the pleasure grounds and kitchen garden, and approaching within 100 yards of the mansion-house. The proprietrix of this

property was one of the most determined opponents of the railroad. She did everything in her power to defeat the measure in Parliament, and to obstruct the operations after the Bill authorising them had passed. Ten thousand pounds were claimed as a compensation for the injury to her property which the operations of the Railway would produce. The case was brought before a jury, but it was ultimately agreed that the sum to be paid should be referred to the decision of two land valuers, by whom the indemnification awarded, was something less than the half of what had been claimed.

A prospect here presents itself to the traveller very different from that which he beholds upon what may be termed the rural portion of the Railway. The spires and chimney stalks, of which he obtains a glimmering view through the clouds of smoke, by which they are obscured, announce the proximity of Paisley, into the centre of which he finds himself speedily whirled. Crossing at the junction of Buchanan and Greenlaw Streets, the line passes over Wallneuk Street, South Croft Street, and the River Cart, a little above Sneddon Bridge, parallel to Sneddon Street, and within 260 yards of the Cross. These roads and the river are crossed by a series of beautiful and substantial arches, of which, between Glasgow and Paisley, there are not less than a hundred.

The Station-house at Paisley, which is in the immediate vicinity of the square of the County Buildings, is the joint property of the Glasgow and Ayr, and the Glasgow and Greenock Railway Companies. It is built in the castellated style of architecture, and measures 80 by 40 feet. The principal part of the building contains three divisions of turrets and wings, and at the east end has a broad

sight of steps for the ingress and egress of passengers. On the ground floor there are two booking offices for the use of the respective Companies, with parcel rooms and safes. The first floor is divided into six apartments, one for the meetings of the Directors—one for the secretary—one for general business—one for the porters, and two waiting rooms for the passengers, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen, to which they ascend after getting their tickets in the booking office below. The Depot comprehends an engine shed at Moss Street, 95 by 40 feet. In the immediate vicinity of this station-house there is another for the exclusive use of the Glasgow and Paisley joint Railway Company. Its size is 36 by 30 feet. It is built in the same style, and furnished, though on a smaller scale, with the same accommodations as the one we have already noticed.

PAISLEY.

WITH the exception of Glasgow, Paisley is by far the largest town on the Railway Line, being, in point of population, on a par, or nearly so, with Aberdeen. The origin of Paisley, like that of several other Scottish towns, may be traced to the establishment of monasteries in the places where they are situated. Paisley does not appear to have existed even as a village, till the twelfth century, when the monastery under whose fostering care it appears to have taken its rise was founded. During a long period, this town progressed by very slow degrees, for in 1710 it consisted but of one principal street and some lanes. The commencement of its prosperity may

be dated from 1760, since which period it has advanced with giant strides to the high rank which as a manufacturing town it now possesses. In the fabrication of *silk gauze*, it entered the lists with Spitalfields, and by the superiority of its workmanship in this branch it drove that town from a market which it had long exclusively enjoyed. The Paisley shawls, for variety and beauty, cannot be surpassed. The manufacture of them may be considered the staple trade of the place, in which, however, there is a considerable number of other manufacturing establishments, which give employment to a large proportion of the industrious population. Archibald Hastie, Esq., a native of the town, and now a wealthy London merchant, represents the burgh in parliament.

COUNTY BUILDINGS.—The huge pile called the County Buildings, erected in 1821, at an expense of £28,000, is one of the principal ornaments of the town. The general form is quadrangular, and the exterior presents a beautiful specimen of the castellated style. Besides apartments for the meetings of the Town Council, and administration of justice, it contains a prison for felons, a debtors' jail, and a bridewell.

ABBAY.—The Abbey of Paisley, founded in 1160, proves itself, from the remnant of it which time has spared, to have been one of the most splendid edifices ever dedicated to religious purposes. What its magnitude was, may be inferred from the extent of the wall that enclosed the space appropriated to its various purposes, which was one mile in circumference. Its monastery attracted pilgrims from all parts of Scotland, to offer their devotions at the shrine of St. Mirren, and implore his intercession in their behalf. It was selected as

a place of sepulture by the Stuarts, and, *sic transit gloria mundi!* tradesmen's houses now occupy the ground where the ashes of Royalty were deposited. The church of the monastery, previous to its dilapidation by the ruthless hand of Time, was 265 feet in length. The nave, which is 93 feet in length, and 59 feet 6 inches in breadth, has been employed as a parish church since the Reformation. The interior is very highly and deservedly admired. Whoever wishes to see one of the most magnificent relics of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture, should pay a visit to the Abbey of Paisley.

MARTYRS.—Among the victims of the persecution which preceded the Revolution, and shed so much blood in Scotland, were two young men belonging to the parish of Eastwood, James Algie and John Park, who suffered death at the Cross of Paisley, on the 3d of February, 1685, for refusing to take the oath of abjuration. In honour of their memory, a place of worship, called the Martyrs' Church, has been lately erected on the place where their remains were deposited.

The following lines, inscribed on a tombstone which was placed at the grave of these martyrs, we give as a specimen of the mortuary poetry of the age in which they were produced :—

Stay! passenger, as thou goest by,
And take a look where these do lie,
Who for the love they bare to truth,
Were deprived of their life and youth ;
Tho' laws made then, caus'd many die,
Judges and sizers were not free,
He that to them did these delate,
The greater count he hath to make ;
Yet no excuse to them can be,
At ten condemn'd at two to die,

So cruel did their rage become,
 To stop their speech, caus'd beat the drum.
 This may a standing witness be
 'Twixt presbyt'ry and prelacy.

WITCHES.—Nor was Paisley without her share in one of the most absurd, and, in its effects, one of the most fatal delusions that ever darkened the human mind. We allude to the witch-burning mania which for a considerable time prevailed in Scotland, and consigned many innocent persons to a cruel death. A girl named Christian Shaw was afflicted with hysterical affections and contortions, and these were believed to have proceeded from the agency of evil spirits, or that of persons in connection with them. Four women and three men were charged with the pretended crime of having, through the aid of the devil, inflicted upon Christian Shaw the sufferings she endured. From a printed narrative of the proceedings, it appears that all the noblemen and gentlemen, and many of the ministers of the neighbourhood, appeared as witnesses against the accused persons, of whose guilt they seem to have been firmly persuaded. The sentence, which was that they should be burnt to death, was carried into effect on the Gallow Green, on the 10th of June, 1697.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On the 10th of November, 1810, a most melancholy loss of life happened at the Paisley Canal basin, on the opening of the navigation between

* For a full and interesting account of the workings of this degrading superstition, the traveller would do well to consult the *Philosophy of Witchcraft*, a work containing a variety of scarce and authentic documents, valuable not only for their antiquity, but also for the light they throw upon this dark but interesting period,

that town and Johnstone. The novelty of the occasion attracted a large concourse of spectators, by many of whom the opportunity which presented itself of getting a sail, was eagerly embraced. A rush was made into the boats, one of which was so crowded with passengers, that it was upset, by which more than two hundred persons were thrown into the water, of whom eighty-five lost their lives.

NEWSPAPERS.—The *Paisley Advertiser*, established in 1824, is published every Saturday, and the *Glasgow Post*, and *Paisley and East Renfrewshire Reformer*, is printed at Glasgow, and published there, and at Paisley at the same hour on Saturday. Sixty years ago, only one newspaper reached Paisley, (*The Edinburgh Courant*.) This paper was the property of the Magistrates, and lay on the Council table for the use of freemen.

CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.—It was here that Tannahill, whose songs have obtained so high and well merited a popularity, tuned the rural pipe to love. The pictures which Tannahill draws of the workings of the tender passion, are as true to nature, but not so highly coloured, as those of the Ayrshire bard. The effect of Burns's amatory poetry may be compared to that produced by the majestic swell of the organ; that of Tannahill's to the soothing strains of the Æolian harp. Burns ravishes; Tannahill delights. The lovers portrayed by Burns, sometimes woo their mistresses with an ardour from which female timidity or bashfulness would be inclined to shrink; but to the language in which the lovers depicted by Tannahill convey their affection, a mistress of the most fastidious delicacy could have nothing to object. In the *bands* of Tannahill, the harp of Caledonia discourses

excellent music, but not nearly of so energetic a character as that with which the bolder touch of Burns makes the instrument ring. Who that has heard *Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane*, *The Lass o' Arranteenie*, *Loudon's Bonny Woods and Braes*, *Gloomy Winter's now awa'*, sung by a person who could give proper effect to these beautiful compositions, but must heave a sigh at the melancholy fate which conducted their author to a premature grave.

Tannahill was born in Paisley, on the 3d of June, 1774. A short time previous to his lamentable end, he offered the second edition of his poems to Constable for a small sum, but the proposition was declined. The pride of conscious genius was deeply wounded by this refusal, from which Tannahill seems to have drawn the gloomy, though unfounded inference, that his popularity as a poet was at an end. In a burst of indignation at the little estimation in which he supposed his productions were held, he committed to the flames a hundred of his songs. Many of these had never been printed, and such of them as had been published, he had corrected and improved. The day previous to that on which his death happened, he was in Glasgow, but his friends there, alarmed at the symptoms of mental alienation which he exhibited, conveyed him to his mother's home in Paisley. He stole out of bed during the night. When his absence was known, a search was made for him in all directions, and at break of day the worst fears of his friends were realised, by the discovery of his coat at the side of a pool in the neighbourhood of Paisley, which pointed out too truly where the body was to be found. This melancholy event took place on the 17th of May, 1810, in the 36th

year of his age. No stone marks the spot where the remains of a bard so richly gifted—a bard who received his poetical diploma from the college of nature—are deposited.

Paisley has also the honour of having given birth to Alexander Wilson, the celebrated American Ornithologist, who fought his way to distinction in the ranks of science, through difficulties which no one less enthusiastically devoted than himself to his favourite pursuits, would have had the hardihood to encounter. Nature is not an aristocrat. The intellectual superiority which she bestows, is fortunately limited to no class of society. Wilson descended from parents whose circumstances did not permit his being exempted from the necessity of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He was bred to the business of a weaver, but it was evident to the discerning few who came into contact with him, that he possessed talents which, had a proper field been opened for their exertion, would have qualified him for a much more exalted station than the one in which he was originally placed.

That the minds of all men are originally alike—that the superiority in talent and genius of one man above another is attributable, not to the possession of a richer mental soil, but to the greater care with which it has been cultivated—is one of the most absurd notions that ever entered into the human mind. How few were the advantages of tuition which Burns and Wilson enjoyed, compared with those of thousands whom they have left at an immeasurable distance behind them in intellectual capability. Education will no doubt effect a *considerable improvement* on mental stamina to which nature

has been penurious, but the fruits which it produces will be found inferior in quality to those which grow in a richer though less cultivated soil. For the pre-eminence which he attained, Wilson was far more indebted to nature than to education, of which his portion was very limited. But genius, like flame, will propagate itself, and break through the barriers that would obstruct its progress. While Wilson worked at the loom, he was a philosopher in disguise, and, like the imprisoned eagle, panted to escape from the cage which impeded his flight.

No man ever encountered greater hazards than Wilson in the prosecution of his great design. He wandered often alone through the trackless forests of America, exposed to attacks from beasts of prey, and to the scarcely less dangerous ones which he might meet with from savages. His zeal and perseverance, though they shortened his life, were at length crowned with success. "His intense anxiety," says his biographer, "to conclude his undertaking, impelled him into an excess of toil which, however inflexible his mind, his bodily strength was unable to bear." He has enriched ornithology with a work displaying a fulness of detail, an accuracy of description, a shrewdness of discrimination, and even a beauty of composition, which entitle it to rank with the most eminent productions by which that interesting science has been illustrated. As a splendid proof of the estimation in which this work was held, it may be mentioned, that, though emanating from a republic, there was not a crowned head in Europe who did not become a subscriber to the *American Ornithology*.

Nor was Wilson merely an ornithologist; he courted

also the poetic muse. With "Watty and Meg," a highly popular poem written by him, few of our Scottish readers, we presume, are unacquainted. Being at first published anonymously, it was universally attributed to Burns—a compliment which could not but be highly gratifying to its author.

Alexander Wilson was born in Paisley on the 6th of July, 1766, and died in America on the 23d of August, 1814, in the 48th year of his age.

Paisley was also the birth-place of an eminent living literary character, Professor Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh.

Population of Paisley, 57,466.*

Almost immediately after leaving Paisley you come to an embankment, averaging 17 feet in depth, and nearly half a mile in length. To obtain a level between Paisley and Johnstone, a prodigious amount of labour was performed, on account of the cavities which behoved to be filled up, on the one hand, and the excavations which it was necessary to make, on the other; for the ground was very unfavourable on this portion of the line, which almost entirely consists of an alternate succession of cuttings and embankments. We regret to state, that in working the excavations from Paisley to Johnstone, which were the longest and deepest along the whole line, about twenty of the labourers lost their lives. About a quarter

* For a description of the Railway from Paisley to Greenock, see page 99.

of a mile from Paisley, on your left, stands Woodside house, and nearly opposite to this, on the right, stands the mansion of a gentleman, whose name our informant supposed to be Mr. Dunn; on the left of which is Ferguslie house, the mansion of John Wilson, Esq. The Paisley gas works, on your right, now heave in sight, and, not far from them, in the same direction, you observe the mansion of Mr. Logan, and that of William Barr, Esq. of Drums. Shortly after leaving the embankment formerly mentioned, you enter a pretty long and deep excavation, on emerging from which the country, on both sides of the line, presents a pleasing aspect of fertility and cultivation. You soon pass over another embankment, and, at a mile and a half from Paisley, a straggling village, called Millerston, occurs on the left, near which the line crosses the Johnstone canal, at the Cobbler's bridge. Half a mile farther, on the left, is seen the village of Slates, at which place the line again crosses the canal. Here you enter a deep excavation, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, to which, about two miles and a quarter from Paisley, succeeds a very heavy embankment, shortly after leaving which, and about two miles and a half from Paisley, you enter an excavation, nearly half a mile in length, and about 30 feet in depth, a considerable part of which was cut through solid rock; through this excavation you are conducted to Johnstone, within a short distance from which, on the right, stands the mansion of Robert Speir, Esq. of Burnbrae, and, on the left, that of Campbell Snodgrass, Esq. of Thornhill. On the line between Paisley and Johnstone, which, for a considerable part of the way, runs parallel

to the turnpike road, you cross about thirty arches, and then arrive at the Station-house of

JOHNSTONE.

JOHNSTONE is a pleasantly situated manufacturing village included in the Abbey parish of Paisley, and distant from that town three miles and a half. In 1782 there were only ten persons in it, and now its population amounts to upwards of six thousand. For this rapid increase of population it is indebted to the cotton mills, founderies, and machine manufactories which have been introduced into it, and which are very conveniently supplied with fuel from several large coal mines in its immediate neighbourhood. The canal, which connects this village with Paisley and Glasgow, has contributed not a little to its advancement.

A handsome edifice, called Johnstone Castle, about a mile to the south, forms a very prominent feature in the landscape; the grounds around it are beautifully wooded, and the entire aspect of the estate evinces the elegant taste of the proprietor, Ludovic Houstoun, Esq. Under the auspices of this gentleman's father Johnstone may be said to have come into existence, and to the promotion of its prosperity the attention of the family has always been particularly directed. George Houstoun, Esq., younger of Johnstone, is at present the representative for Renfrewshire in the British parliament.

A little westward from Johnstone stands Milliken house, the seat of Sir William Milliken Napier, Bart. ; it was built about eleven years ago, in the Grecian style of architecture, and is a very elegant structure. To

the family of Milliken belongs a higher distinction than any title of nobility could confer : the present proprietor of the estate is lineally descended from an ancestor whose name will always occupy a highly distinguished place in the annals of science ; we allude to Baron Napier, of Merchiston, the celebrated discoverer of the Logarithms. Sir William is at present the Convener of the County of Renfrew, having been unanimously elected to that situation on the death of Mr. Campbell of Blythwood, in 1838.

About a mile eastward from Johnstone stands Elderslie house, a spacious mansion, the property of Alexander Speirs, Esq. Near this house is the village of Elderslie, which claims a larger notice than our limits will permit us to give. It recalls to our recollection the most splendid period of Scottish history, during which achievements, never surpassed in any age or nation, were performed by our brave ancestors, to deliver their country from the English yoke. Elderslie was the patrimonial inheritance of the leader in these glorious struggles, and, dead to every generous sensibility must the mind of that Scotsman be, which does not catch a portion of the patriotic fire with which the hero himself glowed, when he approaches a spot rendered sacred by its connection with Wallace.

“ At Wallace’s name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood ?
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace’ side,
Still pressing onward red-wat ahd,
Or glorious died.”

Wallace was the son and heir of Sir Malcolm Wallace.

of Elderslie, and his mother was the daughter of Sir Reginald Crawford, of Loudon, Sheriff of Ayr. His glorious career was terminated by a death which has branded with eternal infamy the memory of the English monarch who doomed him to it, and that of Sir John Monteith, a countryman of his own, by whom he was most perfidiously betrayed. He was broken on the wheel, and the members of his body, which the strength of horses had been most barbarously employed to tear asunder, were hung up in different public places of Scotland. At the west end of Elderslie are to be seen the remains of a tree called Wallace's oak, among whose branches tradition reports that he concealed himself from the pursuit of the English. Of this tree, whose foliage fifteen years ago covered about nineteen English poles of ground, the dimensions have been much lessened, partly through age, but chiefly from the eager curiosity of its visitors to possess portions of so interesting a relic. Population of Johnstone 5917.

About a mile and a half beyond Johnstone, on the right of the line, is delightfully situated, on a southern declivity, the village of Kilbarchan. The inhabitants are chiefly weavers, and are characterised by a more than ordinary share of intelligence. Some of them attempt Scottish poetry with considerable success, and a few have even devoted their leisure to the acquisition of the learned languages. It was here that a gentleman, named Francis Semple, produced the well known songs, "Maggie Lauder," and "She rose and loot me in." The piper whose qualifications are so highly spoken of in the former of these songs was Habbie Simpson, the town *piper* of Kilbarchan, and the inhabitants have marked

their sense of his celebrity, by placing a statue of him, from an original painting, in front of the tower which surmounts the school-house. The instruction and entertainment which books supply, are in very general request among the working classes of Scotland. Kilbarchan has two different libraries, containing a good many thousand volumes. Population 3612.

In the vicinity of Kilbarchan is situated Glentyon House, an elegant modern mansion, the property and residence of Capt. Stirling. The approach to this mansion is splendid, and the grounds surrounding it are beautifully wooded. The proprietor, with a liberality which does him honour, permits the inhabitants of the adjoining village to perambulate his policies, and this privilege, of which they very readily avail themselves, they have never been known to abuse.

A little farther on the right is situated Castlesemple, the magnificent residence of Colonel Harvie. Here are very extensive and tastefully laid out gardens, and a large park stocked with deer, at the end of which, on a rising ground, is placed a Chinese Pagoda. The Loch, which is seen in front of the house, is the source of the river called the Black Cart, and forms a fine feature in the landscape. It is called Castlesemple Loch, and is nearly a mile in length, being studded with small islands, the view of whose tiny plantations gives it a very picturesque appearance.

At this point the village of Howwood, formerly called Houstoun, presents itself on the left. It consists of two long streets; the inhabitants are weavers of silk and cotton; the houses are substantial, for the most part two storeys in height, and covered with slate. At a period

of remote antiquity, there lived in this village one of those wonder-working saints, with whom Europe in the dark ages was so highly privileged. His name was St. Fillan, and to a spring well near the church he communicated the miraculous property of healing diseases. All the sickly children in the neighbourhood were carried to this well, and immersed in it by their superstitious mothers, who believed that by a dip in the sacred fount their health would be restored. Absurd as was the prejudice in favour of the efficacy of this well, it lingered among the people till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a stop was put to the sanatory influence of the water by filling it up.

To a person connected with this village, so extraordinary a fluctuation of fortune happened, as is worth mentioning; especially as the account of it is one that may be relied on. At the latter end of the seventeenth century, the individual alluded to, was a destitute orphan boy, named Macrae, who wandered about Ayr, glad to receive a halfpenny for any message he might be employed to carry. Hugh M'Quire, a fiddler in Ayr, with a generosity of which the examples are very rare, took him off the streets, gave him a good education, and equipped him for a voyage to the East Indies, where, by a most astonishing movement in the wheel of his fortune, he mounted to the governorship of the presidency of Madras. Having realized a fortune, he returned to his native country, purchased the estate of Howwood, and at his death, in 1744, bequeathed all his property to the man to whose disinterested liberality he had been so deeply indebted. Of his attachment to the Revolution principles *which seated William, Prince of Orange, on the British*

throne, the statue of that monarch at the cross of Glasgow, which was erected at his expense, is a splendid proof.

A little beyond Howwood you reach the point where the Lochs of Castlesemple and Lochwinnoch unite, and after running for a short time along the banks of the latter, you reach the Station-house at

LOCHWINNOCH.

LOCHWINNOCH is a thriving village, of considerable size, and, like many other of the villages in the west of Scotland, has been indebted for its prosperity to the introduction of the cotton manufacture. Among its local advantages are coal, limestone, and sandstone, and an abundant supply of excellent water. The soil around is generally very fertile, and in high cultivation, and the towering hills which shelter the valley in which the village is situated, give to it a warm and comfortable appearance. The beauty of the scenery is not a little heightened by the expansive lake, the largest but one in Renfrewshire. One of the ornaments of the village, is a handsome modern parish church, surmounted with a stately circular tower. The shire of Renfrew is terminated by Lochwinnoch, at which place a small burn divides that county from Ayrshire. Population 2740.

A few minutes after leaving Lochwinnoch you reach what is called "the Bog," a part of the line upon which, from the soft and yielding nature of the soil over which it was carried, a very great deal of labour was expended. By skill and perseverance, however, this formidable difficulty was surmounted, and the stability of this por-

tion of the line has been placed beyond all question, by the criterion of a pretty long experience. While the train traverses this embankment a hollow sound is heard issuing from it, resembling distant thunder. Shortly after passing the bog you arrive at the Station-house of

BEITH.

THE village of Beith, which is distant about a mile from the Station-house, is pleasantly situated on a rising ground which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. The weaving of cotton, and the manufacture of fine thread, are the principal employments of its inhabitants. The thirst for political intelligence, and general information, which characterises the population of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, is here gratified by a news-room and a subscription library. The church, which is a modern edifice, stands on an eminence, and there is a good parish school and a commodious Town-house. The district is rich and fertile, and the quality of its dairy produce is considered equal to that of Dunlop. Wother spoon, a theological writer of considerable eminence, was the minister of this parish in 1745. He raised a company of volunteers for the King's service, and went with it to the battle of Falkirk, where he was taken prisoner. Population 6097.

On leaving Beith you need not be told to direct your eye to the right, for this you will do of your own accord if you have any desire to see the graceful features which nature presents in this part of your route, and the beautiful habiliments with which she arrays herself. In the distance you will see a range of lofty hills, skirting a well

enclosed country, adorned with plantations, through which you will every now and then get a glimpse of the meanderings of the Garnock river; and last, though not least, you will find yourself driving along the banks, and within a few yards, of one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Scotland, called Kilbirnie Loch, about two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth. A drive of two minutes carries you from Beith to Kilbirnie, which is intersected by the Garnock river, on whose banks it is pleasantly situated. It is principally inhabited by weavers. Kilbirnie house, a very ancient edifice, belonging to the Crawford family, and surrounded by parks and plantations, is situated in the vicinity of the village. The Loch is abundantly stored with pike, perch, trout, and eel. The source of the Garnock is at the base of the hills formerly alluded to, and this river, which the Railway crosses at four different places within a short distance of each other, after wending its way along the neighbourhood of Dalry and Kilwinning, loses itself in the sea at Irvine. Population of Kilbirnie 1596.

About a mile beyond the Loch is to be seen, on the right, a neat mansion, the property and residence of Dr. Smith, late of Kilmarnock; the house stands on a beautiful eminence, commanding a fine prospect. Passing on a little farther you reach the Station-house at

DALRY.

THIS village is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Garnock, and, from the rising ground on which it stands is seen to considerable advantage, when viewed from the south-east. At the beginning of the last century

it consisted of only six two storey houses, and the population did not exceed 100. Weaving is the principal occupation of its inhabitants. There are three libraries, containing about 2000 volumes. The inhabitants are cleanly in their habits, and about as stylish in their dress on holidays, as people of the same rank in Edinburgh and Glasgow. On the estate of Colonel Blair, of Blair, ironstone, limestone, and coal of a very superior quality having been recently discovered, it is intended to establish a large smelting iron work, for which active preparations may be seen going on at the left of the Station-house. Among the natural curiosities of the parish there is a cave, in a glen called the Dusk, 183 feet in length, and in breadth from 5 to 12 feet ; it contains a spacious chamber, 35 feet long by 12 broad, and 12 high. In this recess, during the reign of Charles II., the Covenanters of this parish concealed themselves from the persecutions to which they were exposed. It was in this district that the insurrectionary standard was first raised against the infamous attempts that were made by the privy council, in 1666, to cram episcopacy down the throats of the people of Scotland.

Among the victims whom the gross and fatal ignorance of our ancestors doomed to death, for the imaginary crime of witchcraft, was a woman who belonged to this parish, called Elizabeth Dunlop. In 1576 she was tried before the High Court of Justiciary, for the alleged crime of sorcery and witchcraft. She confessed that, by the aid of a man called Thome Reid, in the service of the Laird of Blair, she had been enabled to cure diseases, and to give a helping hand in the recovery of *stolen property*. This confession, it is highly probable,

had been wrung from her by torture ; and, at all events, it does not appear that she was accused of any kind of demonology but what had been exerted for beneficial purposes. But notwithstanding this she was condemned to be first "*worried*" at the stake, and then consumed in the flames.

It was intended to open a communication between Glasgow and Kilmarnock, by the establishment of a branch railway between Dalry and the latter town, and, so far as we understand, decisive measures have been agreed on for effecting that purpose. Population 4326.

In the neighbourhood of Dalry, on the left, is situated the mansion-house of Colonel Blair, a large edifice, in the ancient style, but not very distinctly seen by the traveller from the lofty trees with which it is surrounded. This gentleman, who possesses nearly a third part of the parish of Dalry, was for several years the representative in parliament for the county of Ayr. At a short distance from Dalry there occurs, on the right, a waterfall, supposed to be the highest in Ayrshire: it discharges itself into the Garnock, and, when augmented by the winter storms, roars like thunder. About two miles from Dalry, on the right, is situated the Monk-castle estate, the property of William Miller, Esq. The mansion-house is an elegant edifice, in the modern style, but obscurely seen through the trees among which it is embosomed. About half a mile farther on, along the banks of the Garnock, there occurs a small village, belonging to Kilwinning parish, called Dalgarnvan, inhabited chiefly by weavers ; and, about half a mile beyond this, is to be seen, on the right, the mansion-house of

the late Captain M'Gavin, now the residence of the Rev. George Stevenson, of Kilwinning. After passing this a little way, you reach a deep embankment, about a quarter of a mile in length, which brings you within about a mile of Kilwinning; in your progress towards which place you go through an excavation, about fifteen feet deep, and half a mile in length. Shortly after the indomitable monster has dragged you through this cavity, you reach the Station-house at

KILWINNING.

KILWINNING, though only an humble village, has claims to a distinction which no other village or town in Scotland possesses. This ancient hamlet, which, when the Pope's spiritual dominion extended over Scotland, held a very high rank, is situated on a rising ground, about two miles from the sea. It consists chiefly of one pretty long street, from which some bye-lanes diverge, and has a few rows of good modern houses. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in the weaving and manufacture of gauzes, muslins, &c., for the Glasgow and Paisley markets. The Abbey of Kilwinning, of which only some fragments of the ruins are now to be seen, was one of the wealthiest institutions of the kind in Scotland, its revenue being considered equal to £20,000 of our present money. It was founded in 1140, and the parish church, rendered conspicuous by a fine modern spire, occupies part of the site of this once renowned religious edifice, whither pilgrims from a great distance were in the habit of resorting, in quest of those spiritual *advantages* which the devotions performed at its shrine

were believed capable of affording. St. Winning, a celebrated saint of the eighth century, resided here in a cell, and in honour of his sanctity, the place was called Kilwinning, that is, the cell of Winning. In 1184, a well here ran with blood for eight days and nights. This was considered a prognostic of war. If the colour of the water resembled that of blood, there can be no doubt that the change in its appearance was produced by one of those pious frauds which the monks, when they had a purpose to serve, were in the habit of practising.

FREE MASONRY.—For the very high respect with which Kilwinning is regarded as the mother of Free Masonry in Scotland, tradition reports that she was accidentally indebted to the establishment of the monastery alluded to. The architect employed to build it was a foreigner, and he is supposed to have introduced the mystery into Kilwinning, whence it gradually spread throughout the kingdom. No institution has existed for so many ages, or been so widely extended as free masonry, and how much soever it may be ridiculed by the uninitiated as a frivolous or unmeaning ceremony, if it had not possessed a principle of stability, it could not have bound together, as with a spell, a large proportion of the inhabitants of different countries, nor survived the many revolutions of manners, customs, and opinions which have taken place since its introduction, and by which so many other institutions have been overthrown. Whether the “mystic” band was introduced into Scotland by the foreign architect alluded to or not, certain it is that the claims of Kilwinning to the honour of being the place where free masonry was first established in this country, are universally admitted, and for a long period

all the charters for the formation of new lodges, were, by its right of seniority, given by the one in Kilwinning. But how could an obscure village compete with the wealth and importance of Edinburgh, where the Grand Lodge of Scotland is located, by which, for a considerable time past, the privilege of granting charters has been almost exclusively exercised. But notwithstanding this supercession of its powers by the metropolitan lodge, the Kilwinning one is still looked up to with the filial respect and affection due to a mother, by all connected with the fraternity of free masons.

ARCHERY.—The claims of Kilwinning to celebrity do not rest on masonry alone : it is also distinguished as the locality of a company by whom the art of archery has been cultivated and practised between three and four hundred years. There are two kinds of archery, called the butts and the papingo. The shooting at the former is at point blank distance, about 30 yards. The prize awarded to the successful competitor is some useful piece of plate, presented annually to the society by the oldest member. The papingo is an imitation of a parrot, cut out in wood. It is placed at about the height of 120 feet, and the title of captain of the papingo is conferred on the marksman who shoots it down. He presides over the company during the ensuing year, directs all its proceedings, and in his name are sent the cards of invitation to attend the ball and supper with which the competition usually terminates. At the expiry of his captainship, he leaves with the company a medal, with appropriate devices, attached to a silver arrow. At the 337th anniversary of this company, which was held on the 30th of July, 1840, it was proposed, and unanimously

agreed to, that Prince Albert should be requested to become its patron, and Colonel M'Allester, one of the members, was instructed to communicate with his Royal Highness on the subject. The society, in the catalogue of whose members will be found the names of a number of the most distinguished gentlemen of Ayrshire, is highly respectable; and to this respectability the eclat of royalty will, in all probability, be added, as a compliance on the part of Prince Albert with the request of the company, is pretty confidently anticipated.* The fabricator of the bows and arrows for the archers is Mr Muir of Kilwinning, whose superlative skill in this species of artisanship, has given him an almost exclusive monopoly of it, not only in this country, but in all places of the continent where the ancient and noble art of archery is practised.—Population 3772.

From Kilwinning there is a branch railway to Saltcoats and Ardrossan, to which places passengers are conveyed by the Fire Fly steam carriage. Before, therefore, proceeding any farther at present on the route to Ayr, we will indulge ourselves with a trip to Ardrossan in the Fire Fly, and describe whatever may appear worthy of notice in that part of the country, which is intersected by the line along which he takes his flight.

To Ardrossan, on leaving Kilwinning, in this direction, the land, in your immediate vicinity, presents nothing attractive. It consists of a series of sand hillocks, destitute of vegetation, but fertile in the production of rabbits, of which about 500 dozen are killed annually; but on directing your eye to the more dis-

* Since writing the above, we learn that Prince Albert has consented to become the patron of the company, which is henceforth to be denominated the Royal Kilwinning Archer Society.

tant objects, of which your position commands a view, you will be gratified by seeing on the foreground the stately church, and part of the village of Stevenston, and in the back ground the beautifully wooded heights above Seabank, overhung by the magnificent peaks of Arran. Shortly after passing the domain of the rabbits, you will see the indications of extensive coal works, the property of P. Warner, Esq, whose mansion is situated on the right, at a short distance from Stevenston.

The village of Stevenston must have existed at least 600 years, as there is mention made of it in a charter of the Loudon family so far back as the year 1240. There are some valuable quarries in the parish, at which, and at the coal works, salt works, and magnesia works the inhabitants find employment. They are very industrious, and characterised by a love of music, which their excellent singing in the church, on Sundays, shows they have cultivated with success. They have also a glee club, and an instrumental band. The principal proprietors of the land are Alex. Hamilton, Esq., of Grange, and Robert Cunninghame, Esq., of Auchenhavrie, who are also alternate patrons of the parish. The late General Alexander Hamilton, of the family of Grange, was connected with this parish, but the deeds which throw a lustre on his name were performed in America, where he acted a very prominent part in the revolution which separated that country from the British empire. He was the bosom friend of Washington, and to him was confided the highly important task of drawing up the American Constitution. He was distinguished for the strictest integrity, and not more esteemed as a statesman than beloved as a private individual. The termination of this gentleman's life was unfortunate, for, if we

are not much mistaken, this was the General Hamilton who was killed in a duel with Colonel Burr, grandson of President Jonathan Edwards, of theological celebrity. His death was greatly lamented, and the conduct of his opponent, through whose insolence the duel was provoked, drew on him, throughout America, a burst of general indignation. Saltcoats is included in the parish of Stevenston, of which the population is 3544.

Between Stevenston and Saltcoats, the landscape is diversified by a view of the sea, and, on your right before entering the latter place, is to be seen the Cunninghame mansion-house, a large and ancient structure in the castellated style. About a hundred and seventy years since, Saltcoats contained only four small cottages, whose inhabitants earned a livelihood by making salt in kettles ; but Sir Robert Cunninghame having, in 1700, erected a harbour for the exportation of the coal which abounds in the neighbourhood, the village gradually rose into considerable importance. In process of time, shipbuilding was commenced, and carried on with such success, that, in the course of twenty-nine years, sixty-four vessels were built, whose tonnage amounted to 7095, and their value to L.70,000 sterling. The appearance of Saltcoats has little to recommend it, and it would be but a dull residence were it not enlivened by the traffic at the harbour, and the passing and re-passing of the different steam-vessels that visit its shores. The means of education and religious instruction are well supplied, and there are several benefit societies and public libraries. The climate seems very favourable to the health and longevity of the inhabitants, for, in the course of twenty-six years, eighteen persons lived till between eighty and ninety, and *one woman lately died in the 103d year of her age.*

A drive of four minutes from Saltcoats brings you to

ARDROSSAN,

A thriving village which owes its existence and prosperity, in a great measure, to the Eglinton family. The plan on which the town is built, is a modern one, and evinces the correct taste and judgment of its projector, the late Earl of Eglinton. The streets are wide, and intersect each other at right angles; all the houses are two storeys, substantially built with every requisite to render them comfortable. The inhabitants generally are sober and industrious, but, as in most other seaport towns, there is too large a proportion of them whose conduct is characterised by immorality and vice.

The harbour, to which Ardrossan is mainly indebted for the consequence it has attained, was projected by the Earl of Eglinton, and though the plan on which it was originally formed has not nearly been completed, its partial erection, which cost, it is said, nearly L.100,000, has proved of great advantage to the commercial interests of the town and the surrounding country. Being situated at the mouth of the Clyde, and now placed by railway within thirty miles of Glasgow, no position could be more favourable than that which it occupies. The Directors of the Glasgow and Ayr Railway Company have availed themselves of this important advantage. By the branch railway which they have opened from Kilwinning to Ardrossan, and the regular communication which they have established between the latter place and Liverpool, they have virtually contracted the distance between Glasgow and London within such limits as can be traversed in

the short space of twenty-four hours. The train leaves Glasgow at two P. M., in time for the Fire King steam-vessel, which sails from Ardrossan at four, and in thirteen hours reaches Liverpool, meeting there the southern trains, which convey the passengers in nine hours to the metropolis. The Fire King, which is now the property of the Glasgow and Ayr Company, is one of the most expeditious and splendidly equipped vessels on the western coast. She sails from Ardrossan to Liverpool every Tuesday and Saturday at the above-mentioned hour, and from Liverpool every Monday and Thursday at seven P. M., on the arrival of the mail-train from London.

On a small hill, the dilapidated remains of the castle of the ancient barons of Ardrossan are to be seen. This castle, it is said, being in possession of the English, Wallace made himself master of it by the following *ruse de guerre*. He stole one night to the village which stood at the bottom of the Castle hill, and set it on fire. The garrison, not suspecting any deception, hurried out to quench the flames, upon which Wallace rushed in with his followers and took possession of the fortress. When the English returned to the Castle, they were slain, and their dead bodies thrown into the dungeon, which was afterwards known by the facetious appellation of Wallace's Larder.

It appears from the records of the Presbytery of Irvine, that in 1650 Margaret Couper and Katherine Montgomerie, of this parish, were apprehended on presumption of witchcraft. Horrified, in all probability, at the torture which would have been applied to extort a confession, these unfortunate women acknowledged them-

selves guilty of the imputed crime, for which there is little doubt that they suffered the punishment with which, in that dark and superstitious age, it was usually visited, though on this point the records of the Presbytery are silent.

Dr. Robert Simpson, the celebrated professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, was one of the heritors of this parish, and spent for many years his College vacations on his own property at Knockewart.

We cannot take leave of Ardrossan without observing, that to the love with which Burns was smitten by the charms of a young woman, a native of this village, we are indebted for two of his very best poetical productions. We allude to "Highland Mary" and "Mary in Heaven," which he composed after death had snatched from his hopes the subject of them, to whom he was most passionately attached. With reference to this most afflictive bereavement, the poet thus writes:—"After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even learn of her illness."

The name of the young woman with whom Burns held this interesting meeting, was Mary Campbell. She was a servant in the Castle of Montgomery, and is reported

to have been eminently beautiful, and strictly virtuous. Though the poems which his grief for her loss inspired are well known, we are tempted to extract a few lines from them, which we cannot help thinking our readers, though they may have seen them before, will not be unwilling to re-peruse.

“ How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom.
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

“ That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 When by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love ;
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past,
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah ! little thought we ‘twas our last !”

It may be questioned whether in the whole range of elegiac poetry, ancient or modern, any thing finer could be found than the poems to which these stanzas belong. The population of Ardrossan, which has tripled within a century, is 3,595.

Resuming our seat at Kilwinning, the point from which we diverged to Ardrossan, we will again proceed along the main line

TO IRVINE.

Shortly after leaving Kilwinning, you enter into an

excavation, after traversing which you come to an embankment extending to Irvine, upwards of two miles in length. On entering this embankment, you will see on your left the extensive and richly wooded grounds of the Earl of Eglinton. In the centre of these woods, stands the mansion of his Lordship. It is a large square turreted building, in the castellated style, adorned with a lofty octagonal tower, which rises from its centre, and is surmounted by a flagstaff. The interior of this princely residence is in good keeping with the grandeur of its external appearance. The loftiness of the saloon which rises to the top of the centre tower, and is lighted by a dome, has a particularly striking effect. The liberty of perambulating the Eglinton grounds is given to the inhabitants of Irvine and Kilwinning, and the pleasant recreation which this kind indulgence of his Lordship affords to the villagers, is highly prized and frequently enjoyed.

In August 1839 this Castle and the adjoining lawn were the scene of a fete surpassing in magnificence that of which Shakspeare has given the following beautiful description, at which Henry VIII. and the King of France were the chief performers :—

“ To-day the French,

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow, they
Made Britain India ; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims all gilt ; the track of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought repaid ;
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.”

This fete was for several months the universal theme; it was talked of in every company and expatiated on in every newspaper. But, alas!

" The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gee,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy."

Who can enlist in favour of his purposes the elements, which unfortunately on this occasion refused their co-operation? When the great, the important day, big with the fate of the Tournament arrived, the rain fell in torrents, and in a great measure deprived of its attractions one of the most splendid spectacles ever exhibited to the public gaze. Yet this Tournament, though the elements fought against it, will be immortal. Thousands of years hence it will occupy a prominent place in the annals of antiquarianism, when the noble edifice at which it was performed shall have crumbled into ruins.

The Garnock, which you cross for the fourth and last time, along a splendid bridge, mingles here with the sea, and a drive of two minutes brings you to the Station-house at

IRVINE,

of which ancient royal burgh, as you are approaching it, your position gives you a fine view. The race-course lies on your right, and one better adapted to the purpose is not to be found in Scotland. Irvine lies along the banks of a river of the same name, and is a town of very considerable antiquity. In 1412, a monastery of Carmelite priors existed here. It was consecrated to the Virgin

Mary, and endowed with the lands of Fullarton. From the number of good houses you see, and of genteel people you meet, you are led to conclude that the town is rather in a thriving condition. Some of the shops are truly elegant, and the address of their possessors reminds you of the polished manners of the metropolis. The means of education are liberally supplied by an excellent academy, at which Latin, Greek, French, and Mathematics are taught, and political information and general knowledge are amply supplied by a good news-room and a subscription library. The parish church, which is seen to great advantage from the elevated position which it occupies, is adorned with a spire of extraordinary elegance. The trade of the port, at which there is a regular custom-house, consists chiefly in the exportation of coal, and in the importation of iron, timber, slates, lime-stone, and grain.

Two authors of considerable eminence, with whose productions few readers are unacquainted, first saw the light in Irvine; Galt the novelist, and Montgomery the poet. The former was born in a house on the south side of the Main Street, near the west end of the town, and the latter, whose father was a Moravian clergyman, in a house on the north side of the entrance to an alley called the Braid Close. Irvine is also remarkable for having been for some time the residence of Burns, whose fame has conferred an enviable distinction on every place with which he happened to be connected. Great pains have been taken to ascertain the site of the house in which he lived and worked as a flax-dresser, which is conjectured to have been the spot now marked 4 in a narrow street called the Glasgow Vennel. Certain it is, however, that

it was while the poet lived in Irvine, that the circumstance in his life, of a somewhat tragi-comic kind, which we are now to recal to the recollection of our readers, took place.

That some men are unremittingly pursued by misfortune from the cradle to the grave, is a fact not less certain than it is difficult to be accounted for. Of this mysterious and inscrutable fatality Burns's father was an example; though a man of irreproachable, and even exemplary conduct, he was doomed to endure with relentless adversity a hard struggle, which ended not but with his life. Death at length came to his relief, and snatched him from a jail, to which he was about to be conducted by the pecuniary embarrassments in which he was involved. Of the scene which closed the life of his venerable sire Burns has given the following affecting account:—"The clouds of misfortune were gathering fast round my father's head. After three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, he was just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in and carried him away to where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. His all went among the hell-hounds which prowl in the kennel of justice!"

Burns's father, finding that his farm did not realize his expectations in the production of corn, tried the soil with flax, and the task of preparing this for the market devolved on Burns. He, accordingly, at midsummer, 1781, went to Irvine, and there, under the tuition of a man named Peacock, commenced flax-dresser—a most unpoetical employment—at which he toiled for several months, during which it may readily be supposed that *the galling contrast between his lowly occupation and*

his lofty aspirations drew from him many a bitter sigh. The new-year's-day came ; no man was more willing than Burns to avail himself of the opportunity which it presented for indulging his social and festive disposition ; but, amidst the jollity on this occasion, the preservation of the flax from fire had not been sufficiently attended to. " As we were giving," says the bard, " a welcome carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and I was left, like a true poet, without a sixpence." Population of Irvine 10779.

On leaving Irvine you sweep along a fine road, which required, comparatively, little labour to fit it for the purposes of the railway. You have the sea on your right, the turnpike road on your left, and, if you have a relish for the sublime features of nature, you will scarcely be able to withhold your eye from the magnificent range of the Arran mountains, which terminate the prospect. On leaving Kilwinning those towering hills meet your view, from which they are never concealed till you reach the end of your journey at Ayr. You here cross the Kilmarnock and Troon railway, at Barrossie mill, and at this point a branch has been struck off from the main line to Troon harbour. From hence you have scarcely time to give a pinch of snuff to the gentleman seated next you, and make a remark on the prospect around, till the belching monster, whose locomotive powers, though he has drawn you above thirty miles, are as fresh and vigorous as when he commenced his journey, brings you to the Station-house at

TROON.

This is a sea-port, in the parish of Dundonald, which,

under the auspices of the Duke of Portland, its proprietor, has, from small beginnings, risen to considerable consequence. His Grace, availing himself of the physical capabilities of this port, has erected an excellent wet dock and a dry one for the repair of vessels, with large storehouses, and a lighthouse to protect from danger the entrance of the harbour. On the Railway which connects the harbour of Troon with Kilmarnock, a great deal of coal is conveyed for shipment to Ireland. A large salt manufactory, a ropework, and the traffic at the port, give employment to the inhabitants, and the village is considerably benefited by the numerous families who resort to it in the summer season for the advantage of sea-bathing.

As you proceed from Troon, you pass the mansion of the Duke of Portland on your left. It is a large edifice, constructed on the old English plan, and very advantageously situated for commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. This view includes not only the Irvine and Troon bays, the hills of Arran, but also the far-famed Ailsa Craig towering from the water to the height of a thousand feet, at the distance of fifteen miles from the land. The pleasure grounds surrounding the mansion are extensive and beautifully laid out, and we cannot but think, that the occasional retreat of his Grace from the bustle of London to this charmingly retired spot, must afford him no small enjoyment. A little farther in the same direction is found the seat of William Campbell, of Fairfield. This is a handsome modern edifice, and the leafy honours which embellish its vicinity are very judiciously and tastefully arranged. Shortly after

passing Mr Campbell's grounds, you reach the Station-house at

MONKTON.

THIS village has obviously derived its name from having been the residence of monks, some of whom, when popery was in the ascendant, appear to have established themselves in almost every town and village of the kingdom. The monks who dwelt here were a detachment from the monastery of Paisley, and their business doubtless was to take charge of a large extent of property in Monkton, which Walter, the son of Allan, the great steward of Scotland, had granted as part of its endowment to the Paisley monastery, of which he was the founder. At the period when this grant was made, Scotland swarmed with monks, who, through the liberality of princes and noblemen, who vied with each other in giving proofs of their devotion to mother church, were in possession of a very considerable part of the landed property of the kingdom. The inhabitants of Monkton are chiefly employed in weaving and agriculture, which is here in a very advanced state of improvement. They are generally sober and industrious, attentive to their religious duties, and anxious to give their children the advantages of education, which can here, as in all Scottish villages, be obtained on very low terms. The church is a venerable looking structure—its appearance bespeaks great antiquity. It has a Saxon arch over what was at one time the principal entrance, from which it may with great probability be inferred, that it

is the original edifice, in which case it cannot be less than 700 or 800 years of age. It was called St. Cuthbert's, from which it appears to have been dedicated to that saint, and confided to his protection. The following inscription on the bell is still legible, *Sancte Cuthberti ora pro nobis.*

From Monkton a few bounds of the Salamander, whose untiring rapidity makes your journey resemble a flight, brings you to Prestwick, whose origin belongs to a very early period of Scottish history. From a charter ascertaining its rights and privileges, granted by James VI. in 1600, it appears to have previously existed as a burgh for 617 years, which carries it as far back as the reign of Kenneth III. in 983. It must anciently have been a place of considerable consequence, as in the 12th century it comes into notice as the judicial seat of the Bailiery of Kyle-Stewart. It possesses about 700 acres of land, of which 150 are feued out, the half of the remaining 550 is arable, the other half is fit only for pasturage. These lands belong heritably to 36 freemen, which number, by the constitution of the burgh, cannot be increased. It is governed by a chancellor, or provost, two bailies, six councillors, and a procurator fiscal, who are elected every two years. The parish church, like that of Monkton, is a structure of very great antiquity, whose origin cannot be traced in the earliest existing records. The chief landed proprietors in the parish are Robert Reid, Esq., of Adamton, who is patron of the church; R. A. Oswald, Esq., of Auchencruive; W. G. Campbell, Esq., of Fairfield; A. Murdoch, Esq., of Whiteside and Orangefield; the Duke of Portland, and Lord James

Stewart. The population of Prestwick and Monkton, which are now united into one parish, is 1818.

A drive of two minutes from Prestwick brings you to the thriving village of Newton, whose constitution has a pretty near resemblance to that of Prestwick. It is governed by two bailies, one treasurer, and six councillors, who are annually elected by the freemen from their own number. Among the ruins of an old castle which stood in Garden Street, and was for a long period the seat of the Wallaces of Craigie, there was found, when it was taken down about sixty or seventy years ago, an antique mathematical quadrant and the barrel of an old gun, or rather wall-piece, seven feet long and very heavy, both of which are preserved in the Ayr Mechanics' Institution. Few of the inhabitants are wealthy, but the number of persons in destitute circumstances is less than is usually found in communities of the same extent. Many of them have saved as much money as to build houses for themselves; and examples of gross immorality are not of frequent occurrence. The chief manufactories are ship-building, sail-making, iron, brass-founding, and smith-work. From fifty to sixty young women are engaged in a species of ingenious needle-work, for which there is a great demand both at home and abroad, and by which they can earn from 1s. to 1s. 6d., and in some cases 2s. a-day. There are five schools in the parish. The general expense of education may amount to 3s. 6d. per quarter. The principal street is of considerable length, and about eighty feet in breadth. Something, however, like a new town has started up within the last thirty years, between the old town and the sea. Three or four streets are regularly laid out, but they are only

as yet partially built. The population is upwards of 4000.

Before one minute elapses, after passing Newton, you find yourself driving through the suburbs of

AYR,

And ere the expiry of another the Salamander lands you at your journey's end, in the beautiful shed which fronts the Station-house. The depot at Ayr, which is well worth going to see as an object of curiosity, and will, we have no doubt, be ranked among the lions of the place, is entitled to a particular description. It is not only admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, but has also a claim to the praise of elegance, which has been introduced wherever it could with propriety find a place. The ground occupied by the depot is two imperial acres; the Station-house, which you almost immediately enter after crossing the new bridge of Ayr, is 85 feet long, and 26 feet broad. The lower storey contains a booking office for goods and passengers, with two handsome waiting rooms, furnished with water closets, one for lady and the other for gentlemen passengers; the flat above is occupied as a dwelling-house by the Manager. The building, which inclines to the Elisabethan style, has a neat and prepossessing appearance. To the shed, under which the carriages are drawn up to take in the passengers, the epitaph *splendid* may justly be applied. It is 160 feet long, 42 broad, and the roof, whose interior is embellished after the Elisabethan or Dutch fashion, is supported by 17 ornamented cast iron columns. This shed, in which there is a seat for the passengers, and which is beauti-

fully paved on each side of the carriage way, is admired by all who see it. There are four other sheds; one at which goods are landed, with two small cranes for lifting them; the second is an engine shed, and the other two are carriage sheds. There is a building consisting of a coke house below, and goods store room above, with weighing house attached. There are a smithy and fitting up shop, with a small high pressure engine for pumping the water and working the turn lays. There are nine neatly fitted up turning tables, which are employed for taking an engine or a carriage from one part of the depot to another, or for changing them to either line of rails. There is a loading place fitted up, whereby horses and gentlemen's vehicles are attached to the railway carriages for the purpose of being taken away. There is a tank, 12 feet square, and 4 deep, for preserving a supply of water for the engines, which is filled by the high pressure engine formerly mentioned. This engine was constructed by Stark and Fulton, Glasgow, and is of six horse power. Into all the sheds and mechanic shops there are lines of railway laid, whereby goods are loaded, and engines repaired with great facility, and along the west side of the depot there is a loading bank for goods, 240 feet long. There are two porters' lodges, one at each entrance, which, with the gates, occupy a space of 60 feet each. At the western gate it is intended to take in all the goods, and the eastern one is that at which passengers are to go out, and by which horses and carriages, going along the railway, are to enter. The front of the depot, which has a southern exposure, is seen to great advantage on the opposite side of the water. In a word, this extensive undertaking is

alike creditable to the liberality of the Directors and to the judgment of those scientific individuals to whom its construction was confided. All the arrangements have been judiciously planned, and are well calculated for accomplishing, with promptitude and facility, the diversified purposes for which they are employed.

We are now breathing the atmosphere of Burns, but before giving way to such reminiscences of the bard as the scenes with which he was familiar are calculated to awaken, let us, in accordance with our plan, take a brief survey of Ayr. That Ayr has claims to great antiquity is evident from the notices taken of it in such early records as have descended to our times. That the Romans, in their attempts to subjugate Scotland, penetrated to Ayr, seems pretty clear, from the various relics indicative of a Roman origin, which have been dug out of the ground at a short distance from the town. In 1202 Ayr was constituted a royal burgh, by King William, surnamed the Lion, and additional privileges were conferred on it by King Robert Bruce. During the usurpation of Scotland by Edward I. Wallace, with whose name and exploits the localities of Ayrshire are every where associated, and who left no stratagem unemployed to harass the invaders, set fire to an English encampment in the vicinity of the town, and retired with his followers to a neighbouring hill, to witness the conflagration.

Whoever compares the present condition of Ayr with the state in which it is represented to have been about twenty years ago,* will be sensible of the great improve-

* "The streets are ill lighted, wretchedly paved, and very indifferently cleaned. Side pavements of flag-stones for foot passengers

ment which, in so short a space of time, it has undergone.

Among the minor towns of Scotland there are few, if any, that hold a more distinguished rank than Ayr. The streets are regular, generally wide and in good repair, and your feelings are rarely lacerated by seeing on them such miserably clothed and half-starved creatures as are to be met with in such numbers in the thoroughfares of Glasgow. The houses of the working people are superior to those inhabited by the same class in most other towns, and many of the shops are little inferior in elegance to those of the metropolis. Wellington square would do honour to any town in Scotland; and the County Buildings, situated at its northwest side, are an admirable specimen of Grecian architecture. The Town House, an excellent structure, was entitled to a much more eligible site than that which it occupies; but this defect is in some measure atoned for by the grandeur of its spire, which, in respect of height and beauty of workmanship, may challenge a comparison with any in Scotland. If the Academy cannot boast of such architectural embellishments as have been lavished on some of our literary establishments, it possesses the far higher recommendation of being a seminary at which the important business of education has been long conducted with eminent efficiency and success. We understand that to

might be mentioned among the desiderata that might easily be supplied. The prison, like the old tolbooth of Edinburgh, interlines and almost blocks up one of the principal streets. Security is the only consideration which seems to have gained the attention of those who planned this public nuisance, which is not so much the terror of evil-doers, as the horror of those who do well."—*Edinburgh Encyclopedia*.

its well-earned celebrity the residence of not a few genteel families in Ayr is attributable.

Of eminent characters Ayr has contributed a reasonable proportion. Joannes Scotus was born in Ayr in the 9th century. His zeal for knowledge led him to Athens, where he became a proficient in the Greek and Oriental languages. While all was darkness around him—for at that period even noblemen and kings could scarcely sign their own names—he produced several distinguished works, and is reported to have been employed by King Alfred in his attempts to disseminate the light of learning among his ignorant subjects.

Chevalier Ramsay, a native of Ayr, was born in 1686. He was the author of a work still popular, called the “Travels of Cyrus,” and having been converted while in France from the Protestant to the Catholic faith by the persuasion or arguments of the celebrated Fenelon, bishop of Cambray, he became tutor in the family of Charles the Pretender.

John Loudon M'Adam, Esq., whose improvements in the construction of public roads have been very generally adopted, both at home and abroad, was born in the parish of Ayr, in 1756. In 1820 he received from Parliament, for his public services, a grant of £4000, and died in Moffat in 1836, at the advanced age of 81, universally respected.

Mr John Mair, an eminent Latin scholar, the author of several highly popular school books, for facilitating the acquisition of that language, and of arithmetic and book-keeping, was a distinguished teacher in the schools of Ayr, whence he removed to the academy at Perth.

The late Dr. Thomas Jackson, professor of natural

- philosophy in the university of St. Andrews, was rector of the Ayr academy, which situation he held for several years with great credit to himself and advantage to the institution. He wrote with distinguished ability several articles for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, and other similar works, and his "Elements of Theoretic Mechanics" is used as a text book in the university of Cambridge. While a student at Glasgow university his reputation was so high that he was appointed to lecture to the natural philosophy class, when Dr. Brown became unfit for his duty. He died in St. Andrews in 1837, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

But what raises the fame of Ayr far above that of any other town in Scotland is the poetical prodigy which its vicinity produced. What the latent causes are that produce the intellectual organisation which constitutes genius, and why nature is so frugal of this celestial fire, that she communicates a spark of it to only a comparatively very few of the human race are problems the solution of which must be waited for till this life is ended, if even then it will be obtained.

Many centuries may revolve before so rich a mental stamina as that accorded to Burns by the liberality of nature, come into existence. For the notion entertained by some that genius is hereditary there seems to be no foundation. How often have very ordinary capacities descended from parents eminently gifted; yea, have not giants in genius sometimes produced intellectual dwarfs? Burns would have been no more than an ordinary man, if the measure of his original endowments had not exceeded that of the persons to whom he owed his birth.

Though, from the various conditions in which mankind

are placed, there necessarily results a wide diversity of customs and manners, human nature, in all ages and countries, and among all classes, is essentially the same—subject to the same weaknesses—susceptible of the same sympathies—animated by the same hopes, and distressed by the same fears. It is of human nature, considered in this general aspect, that Burns is the poet, and this is one principal reason why he finds and retains so many delighted readers. Those writers whose descriptions of men and manners are fanciful and extravagant—who people their pages with beings of angelic virtue or demoniac turpitude, may please, for a season, the admirers of the marvellous and hyperbolical; but the wonder excited by heterogeneous combinations and modes of life that never did, and never can exist, soon dies away. To such clap-traps for temporary popularity Burns disdained to stoop, nor did the ample resources of his genius lay him under any temptation to employ them. Of the men and women to whose acquaintance he introduces us, we find the living prototypes in ourselves and in the world around us, and feel as little disposed to question their claim to the attributes of humanity, as if we had seen it substantiated by ocular demonstration. Burns's heroes and heroines are not like those of many other poets and novelists, mere fanciful creations, but exact portraiture of persons whom we every day meet with; and it is their connection with ourselves, by the strong and interesting ties of a common nature, that renders his descriptions of their characters, adventures, and fortunes, so highly interesting.

His claims to the praise of originality are, we think, universally admitted. His sentiments, his similes, his versification, his diction, are peculiar to himself. From

his appearance in the poetical horizon the commencement of a new era in Scottish poetry may be dated. The reputation of Scotland as a poetic nation had been, till he came forward, chiefly sustained by Ramsay and Ferguson, but as the sun's effulgence dims the lustre of the luminaries around him, the superior splendour of Burns displaced these poets from the pre-eminent position which they had previously held in the galaxy of Scotland's bards. Great indeed must have been that light which could lessen the brightness, and reduce to a subordinate rank so delightful a poet as the author of the "Gentle Shepherd."

The renown of Burns is the more to be wondered at, when we consider the instrument by which it was effected. Who could have thought that the Scottish language, which sounds so uncouthly in an English ear, and certainly, at first sight, seems not very well adapted to the loftier flights of the muse, could have been rendered the vehicle of such admirable poetry, as in the hands of Burns it has become? But such is the wonder-working power of genius, that Burns has advanced to the honours of classicality a language deemed by foreigners little less than barbarous, and enabled it to express the inspirations of the muse with a dignity, force, grace, harmony, and sublimity, not surpassed by the boasted languages of Greece and Rome. To the Scottish language, when wielded by the talismanic hand of Burns, the compliment paid by Milton to philosophy may, with a slight variation of diction, be applied:—

"How charming is the Caledonian speech,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no dull surfeit reigns."

Though Burns was not a scholar in the classical sense of the term, he had accumulated a much larger stock of knowledge than many scholars possess. It would indeed have been impossible for so active a mind as his not to have gathered a large supply from the wide field of knowledge that lay within his reach ; yet he appears to have made very little use of what he collected from the writings of others, for he resembles no one either in the choice of his subjects, or in his manner of handling them. He pursued a track which had not been trodden by any of his predecessors, and selected for the exercise of his powers many topics that had never before been attempted in prose or rhyme. But, as Dr. Johnson observes, "there is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction that books and precepts cannot confer, from which almost all original and native excellence proceeds ;" and to this perspicacity, which Burns possessed in a very high degree, we are indebted for much of that originality by which he is distinguished. That extensive and correct knowledge of mankind which his works display, he did not obtain by looking at human nature through the spectacles of books, but by an eagerness of research in the living world, which left no opportunity unimproved, and an acuteness of penetration which detected those nicer shades of character which lie concealed from ordinary observation.

There is one talent for which Burns is remarkable, that, so far as we know, has been very slightly, if at all, taken notice of by his biographers and critics. We allude to that by which he compresses in few words a large quantity of meaning. He infuses as much thought into one sentence as an ordinary writer would occupy a whole page in developing. The effect of this conden-

sation may be likened to that produced by the discharge of a strongly loaded cannon, or to toddy in which a large proportion of spirits is mingled with the water. Of this compression, which makes the sentences tell with great force, and with reference to which there is a very close resemblance between Burns and Shakspeare, examples will be found in almost every page. We present a few of them, almost at random, in illustration of our remarks.

“ There at Vienna or Versailles
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles :
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of carnival signoras.

The Tea Dogs.

“ But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal Geordie's will,
 An' there's the foe,
 He has nae thought but how to kill,
 Twa at a blow.
 Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
 Death comes, wi' fearless ee he sees him ;
 Wi' bludy hand a welcome gies him :
 An' when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
 In faint huzzas.

The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;

Or like the borealis race,
That fit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Tam O'Shanter.

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods wild-scattered clothe their ample sides,
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side,
The lawns wood-fringed in nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in nature's careless haste,
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noon-tide beam."

Lines written in the Inn at Taymouth.

The power of genius may be compared to that which has been attributed to the philosopher's stone. It can elevate the low, dignify the mean, fructify the sterile, and impart consequence to the insignificant. Of this power Burns possessed a large share, as may be seen from the interest with which he has invested a number of very unpromising subjects. What but the ingenuity and fertility of genius could, from the trivial occurrence of rooting up a daisy with the plough, have deduced a train of sentiment in which moral instruction and the charms of poetry are so exquisitely blended. How affecting to think that the poet's prediction of the melancholy destiny that awaited him, was literally fulfilled:—

"Ev'n thou who mourn'st at the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern ruin's plough-share drives, elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom."

The pillar on which the fame of Burns mainly rests, is his poems in the Scottish dialect. That those which

he clothed in the English costume are far above mediocrity is not to be disputed ; for it seems scarcely possible that from a mind so vigorous and prolific as his an abortive or feeble progeny could proceed. But it is through the medium of his native language that the richest treasures of his genius are conveyed, and his poetry, when transmitted through the *English* channel, becomes, like Samson when shorn of his hair, comparatively feeble. Those readers in the sister island, to whom the Scottish dialect is unintelligible, are deprived of the most delectable part of the entertainment which the poetical banquet of Burns affords ; for it is in that portion of his inspirations which he caught from the muse of his native land, that the most effective and brilliant displays of the affluence and energy of his genius are to be found. "Those," says one of his biographers,* "who desire to feel him in his strength, must taste him in his Scottish spirit. There he spoke the language of life : in English he speaks that of education ; he had to think in the former, before he could express himself in the latter. In the language in which his mother sung and nursed him he excelled. A dialect reckoned barbarous by scholars, grew classic and elevated, when uttered by the tongue of ROBERT BURNS."

Is there any reason to apprehend that the time may arrive when the Scottish portion of Burns's poetry will retreat from general circulation into the repositories of antiquarianism ? We cannot help fearing that such will be its final destination. What reason a Scotsman can have for being ashamed of his native language it would

* Allan Cunningham.

be difficult to discover; but certain it is, and to the shame of Scotland be it announced, that there are many, very many of her sons and daughters, who treat their vernacular language with contempt, and look on these who make use of it, as persons devoid of all pretensions to taste or gentility. Does there exist any sufficient cause for this aversion to the language of our ancestors? We can discover none. Why may not ideas, of which words are merely the symbols, be as genteelly expressed in one dialect as in another? Why should a man draw on himself the epithet of vulgar, because he thinks proper to convey his sentiments in a language so admirably adapted, as Burns has demonstrated it to be, to all the purposes for which the faculty of speech has been conferred? Why should a silly and absurd fashion, calculated to render our national bard obsolete, and send him, along with Ramsay and Ferguson, to "the tomb of all the Capulets," be encouraged or countenanced? Why should we deprive our descendants of the rich intellectual and poetical treat which his inimitable productions would afford them, by hunting from our country the language in which they are embodied? There are many silly methods employed to court distinction, by persons who have no claims to it from their merits or qualifications, and we can scarcely help suspecting that the hue and cry against the Scottish language was first raised, and is still propagated by people of this description.

No empire was perhaps ever more extensive than that which Burns as a poet sways. The great variety of dispositions and tastes that prevail among mankind seems to render it scarcely possible for any author to obtain universal popularity; for since to the subjects for which

one man has a predilection another is altogether indifferent; since what would invite one reader, will repel another, where is the writer to be found that can display such versatility of talent as will unite the suffrages of all classes in his favour? Burns has vanquished this seemingly insurmountable obstacle to universal acceptance, by the fecundity and versatility of his genius. With every body Burns is a favourite, because at the feast which he has provided a dish will be found adapted to every body's taste. If the approbation, not of this or that particular order or profession, but that of mankind at large be, as in our judgment it certainly is, the most unequivocal proof of superlative merit, the claim of Burns to a place in the very foremost rank of poets will not be questioned; for wide as the difference certainly is between the studies and pursuits of the rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, the grave, and the gay, the old and the young, they all unite in their admiration of Burns, as the scattered rays of light are concentrated by a focus. The works of Burns are, perhaps, the only works to be found on the book-shelf of the cottager, that have the honour of occupying also a place in the boudoir of the duchess.

It is remarkable that neither Homer, Shakspeare, nor Burns, three of the greatest poets whom the world has produced, received that scholastic or classical education which is considered so necessary to the improvement and developement of the mental faculties. Hence it is evident that *poeta nascitur, non fit*—that education, how much soever it may improve and adorn genius, has no hand in its generation. Without intending to throw the shadow of a doubt on the unquestionable utility of a liberal educa-

tion, we cannot help thinking that the poetry of such a genius as Burns would have been deteriorated rather than improved, had it undergone the process of filtration through academic lore. Some of its grosser particles might have been kept back by this operation—for that it is occasionally chargeable with indelicacies its greatest admirers must admit—but we are afraid that what it would have gained in refinement, it would have lost in strength. It might have been more classically elegant, but it would probably have been less strikingly original. It might have smacked more of the reservoir, but less of the fountain. It might have had more polish, but less fire, more tinsel, but less native and sterling excellence. It might have exchanged freedom for elaboration, and sacrificed to the decorations of art the wild graces of nature.

Burns has been called the Scottish Shakspeare, and though we think it would be carrying national partiality beyond just limits, to place him on a par with the English bard, we know of no poet but him to whom our countryman is subordinate. Shakspeare's poetry embraces a larger circumference of human life, and an ampler variety of condition and character than that of Burns. The Ayrshire bard has a less gigantic intellect than Shakspeare, to whom he is also somewhat inferior in grandeur of conception; nor are his flights into the regions of sublimity, into "the brightest heaven of invention," so lofty as those of the English poet. In exploring, however, the deepest recesses of the human mind, and in describing the various passions and affections with which on every occasion calculated to awaken them it is agitated, these two great poets bear a striking resemblance to each other.

and display such an equality of consummate skill, that it would be difficult to decide to which of their portraits the praise of superior fidelity should be awarded. There is also a similarity between them in the affluence of their mental resources. They did not need, like many other candidates for fame, to court a reluctant muse, or hammer out their poetry from their own brains by painful elaboration. They fed, like Milton, "on thoughts that voluntary move." To them the choicest favours of the muse were accorded with such lavish prodigality, that the effusions of their genius seem to have been produced by intuition, or immediate inspiration.

But Burns, though in some respects as a poet inferior to Shakspeare, surpasses him in those qualities which constitute moral excellence. When the theme of Burns's poetry happens to be the misery of mankind, he weeps over it, but in Shakspeare, when expatiating on the same topic, no such keen susceptibility of sympathy is discoverable. When Burns has occasion to allude to the wrongs which mankind suffer, he opens on their authors a torrent of virtuous indignation; but Shakspeare can describe oppression and injustice with wonderful equanimity. Shakspeare is the poet of kings and courts, his heroes and heroines are princes and princesses, and to the delineation of their achievements and intrigues, their victories and defeats, their loves and hatreds, their caprices and crimes, his works are almost exclusively devoted. The inhabitants of the cottage are beneath the regard of his dignified muse. She delights to breathe the atmosphere, bask in the sun, and sing the praises of royalty; but in the more expansive sympathies of Burns *mankind at large* are comprehended, particularly its

more numerous and humbler classes, to the delineation of whose characters and manners, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, his minstrelsy is chiefly dedicated, and for whose best interests he burns with a generous enthusiasm. Shakspeare occasionally betrays something like the obsequiousness of the courtier. A poet of more sturdy independence of mind than Burns never existed. From the perusal of an author's works, a pretty correct estimate of the characteristics which distinguish him in his individual capacity may, in most cases, be deduced, and such are the conclusions to which we have been conducted by an attentive study of the two national poets whom we have ventured to compare.

Every Scotsman capable of appreciating genius will blush when he reflects on the ungenerous treatment which this illustrious poet received from a country on which he has reflected so much honour. Burns, on his appearance as an author, attracted a great deal of attention, but to none was he an object of greater curiosity than to the Scottish literati and aristocracy, who were very desirous of obtaining a near view of the poetical phenomenon, which, like the sun from behind a cloud, had emerged from obscurity into fame. They wanted to see how a rustic bard, fresh from the plough, would acquit himself among a class of society so widely different from that with which he had been accustomed to associate. They treated him with much courtesy and kindness, invited him to their tables, and were no less surprised at the superiority of his conversational talents, than they had been at the excellence of his poetical productions. Though Burns, at these parties, paid to rank and learning the respect to which they are entitled, he felt none of

that overawing influence which worldly greatness usually exercises over the poverty which it admits to its presence. He never hesitated to express freely, though not arrogantly, his opinions, how much soever they might differ from those of the persons around him, and still less did he prostitute the muse, as many other poets have done, by offering up the incense of flattery at the shrine of wealth.

Being now surrounded with such high patronage, a hope was entertained by his friends, that an effort would be made to relieve him from those difficulties, anxieties, and privations attendant on poverty, with which the acute sensibility of genius is so ill fitted to contend. That the endeavour, had it been made, to obtain for him a settled provision, in the shape of a situation, or grant from government, would have proved successful, the rank and influence of those from whom he was receiving the most flattering attentions, leave little or no reason to doubt; but, alas! those who imagined that the noble and wealthy who patronised, or affected to patronise the poet, would adopt some measures for the improvement of his circumstances, gave them more credit for generosity than they merited, for when the gloss of novelty, which had at first recommended him to their notice, disappeared, they felt no more interest in his fortune than they would have done in that of the inmates of a menagerie, from the sight of which their curiosity had received a temporary gratification. Ashamed, perhaps, of utterly abandoning a person whom they had so much caressed, and whose merits gave him so strong a claim to their protection, they managed to *obtain for him, what a good many of them have obtained*

for their lacqueys, the situation of an excise officer, and the greatest poet that ever Scotland produced was elevated, by the never enough to be wondered at liberality of her aristocracy, to the dignity of measuring the dimensions of barrels, and registering rolls of tobacco. Had Burns enjoyed the favour of some great man, or some great man's mistress, or been capable, by his political influence, of promoting the designs of party, such recommendations would have operated much more strongly in his favour than his poetical qualifications.

To these remarks, which have extended to a greater length than was at first intended—but Burns is a seducing theme, not easily parted with—we shall add a few extracts on the same subject, from some of the most eminent writers of the age, which our readers, though they may have seen them before, will not, we are persuaded, be displeased at seeing again. How Burns was affected with the almost idolatrous reception that he met with in Edinburgh, the following extract will show:—“He came to Edinburgh early in the winter. The attentions which he received during his stay in town, from all ranks and conditions of persons, would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I perceived any unfavourable effect which they left on his mind; he retained the same simplicity of manners and appearance which had struck me so forcibly when I first saw him in the country; nor did he seem to feel any additional self-importance from the number and rank of his new acquaintance. His manners were then, as they continued ever afterwards, simple, manly, and independent, strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth, but without any thing that

indicated frowardness, arrogance, or vanity.”—*Dugald Stewart*.

“The illustrious of his native land, from whom he looked for patronage, had proved that they had the carcase of greatness, but wanted the soul; they subscribed for his poems, and looked on their generosity as ‘an alms could keep a god alive.’ He turned his back on Edinburgh, and, from that time forward, scarcely counted that man his friend who spoke of titled persons in his presence. Whilst sailing on pleasure’s sea, in a gilded barge, with perfumed and lordly company, he was, in the midst of his enjoyment, thrown roughly overboard, and had to swim to a barren shore, or sink for ever.”—*Allan Cunningham*.

“I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men in my time. No poet, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions.”—*Sir Walter Scott*.

“But hundreds of his most familiar letters are perfectly artless, though still most eloquent compositions. Simple we may not call them, so rich are they in fancy, so overflowing in feeling, and dashed off in every other paragraph with the easy boldness of a great master, conscious of his strength even at times when, of all things in the world, he was least solicitous about display; while some there are so solemn, so sacred, so religious, that he who can read them with an unstirred heart can have no trust, no hope, in the immortality of the soul.”—*Professor Wilson*.

“In conversation Burns was powerful, his conceptions

and expressions were of corresponding vigour, and on all subjects were as remote as possible from common-places. Though somewhat authoritative, it was in a way that gave little offence, and was readily imputed to his inexperience of those modes of smoothing dissent and softening assertion, which are important characteristics of polished manners."—*Professor Walker*.

"The conversation of Burns was, in comparison with the formal and exterior circumstances of his education, perhaps even more wonderful than his poetry. He affected no soft airs and graceful motions of politeness, which might have ill accorded with the rustic plainness of his native manners. Conscious superiority of mind taught him to associate with the great, the learned, and the gay, without being overawed into any such bashfulness as might have made him confused in thought, or hesitating in elocution. I remember that the late Dr Robertson observed to me, that he had scarcely ever met with any man whose conversation discovered greater vigour and activity of mind than that of Burns."—*Heron*.

The success of Burns produced shoals of Scottish poetry, but, as it had scarcely any other recommendation than a jingling of the same sounds in the termination of its lines, it soon sank into merited oblivion. The productions, however, of two authors escaped this almost universal shipwreck—those of Tannahill and Rodger. Of the first we have already expressed our opinion, and of the second, we only echo that of the public, when we say, that his claims to a highly distinguished place in the rank of Scottish bards are indisputable. We are far from considering him entitled to be placed on a footing of equality with Burns, for that is a distinction which

no Scottish poet can hope to enjoy ; but if Burns be removed from the list of competitors, we know no bard that Scotland has produced, of whom it would not be expressing too flattering an opinion to say that he is superior to Alexander Rodger.

His characters are not, like those of too many poets, distortions which "imitate humanity abominably," but transcripts from nature, neither elevated by their virtues above, nor depressed by their follies or vices below, the ordinary standard. Without this fidelity of representation no author can become permanently popular. The value of a picture consists not in the painting, how beautiful soever it may be, abstractly considered, nor in the elegance of its frame, but in the resemblance which it bears to the original.

The pomp of power, the eclat of rank, the trappings of wealth, have no attractions for the muse of Rodger. His characters, like those of Burns and Tannahill, are selected from the humbler classes, and we know not whether to admire more the graphic accuracy with which he describes their innocent and tranquil fireside enjoyments, or the poetical beauties of the diction with which the pictures are embellished.

There is not a more unequivocal symptom of genius than when the mine containing its treasures is easily worked. The productions of Rodger exhibit internal evidence that no laborious process is necessary to extract the poetic gold from the mine where it is deposited. His poetry is not forced up like water, which cannot be obtained without the operation of the pump, but issues freely as from a fountain, or flows without *effort like a river from an inexhaustible source.*

When his muse is employed on a subject susceptible of pleasantry, no poet displays it with more effect; and phlegmatic far beyond the ordinary degree must that reader be whose face is not "gathered up into a smile" at the sallies of exquisitely genuine and racy humour with which many of his compositions are seasoned.

When he wields the weapon of sarcasm, which he never does but when its inflictions are merited, its hits are decisive, and woe be to those against whom the cutting keenness of its edge is directed.

We shall conclude the above notice of a highly and deservedly popular poet by observing, that Mr Rodger, sometime ago, received from the inhabitants of Glasgow, where he resides, a splendid and substantial proof of the admiration with which he is regarded as a poet, and of the esteem in which he is held as a man.

Burns, to the closing scene of whose life we shall now briefly advert, had for some months been afflicted with severe rheumatic pains in his limbs; sea-bathing was recommended, and, to try its effects, he went, about the end of June, 1796, to a place called the Brow, in Annandale. Mrs Riddle, one of his friends, who was then residing in the neighbourhood of that place, for the benefit of her health, invited him to dinner, and, as he was not able to walk, she sent her carriage for him. "I was struck," says she, "with his appearance on entering the room; the stamp of death was impressed on his features. His first words were, 'Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied, that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest. He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me so ill.

with his usual sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. We parted about sunset, on the evening of the 5th of July; the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more !”

The sufferings which result from extreme poverty, are perhaps the only ones which set at defiance the utmost fortitude and resignation of which human nature is capable; for what degree of philosophic, or even of christian virtue, can patiently endure the agonising pangs of starvation? To such sufferings Burns, while sinking under a mortal disease, saw his family on the brink of being reduced, and how galling soever it might have been to a person of his proud and independent spirit to stoop to solicitation in their behalf, he was obliged, by imperative necessity, to have recourse to it in this trying situation. “He had,” says one of his biographers, “no money in his pocket, and scarcely any food in his house.” On the 7th of July he thus writes to Mr Cunningham:—“I beg you to use your utmost interest, and that of all your friends, to move our Commissioners of Excise to grant me my full salary. If they do not grant it, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poete*. If I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger.” With this request of the dying poet the Commissioners refused to comply.

He had almost quarrelled with Thomson, to whose splendid collection of Scottish songs he had liberally contributed, for sending him five pounds in acknowledgment of his valuable services; but being threatened with prosecution for the payment of a debt due to one William-son, a clothier in Dumfries, he wrote on the 12th of

July to Thomson, saying, "After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel haberdasher to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me in jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness; but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted." It is scarcely necessary to say, that with this request Thomson instantly complied. On the same day, he wrote as follows to his cousin James Burness, of Montrose. "A rascal of a haberdasher believes that I am dying, and will infallibly put my emaciated body in jail. Will you be so good as accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds. O James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me. Alas! I am not used to beg. O do not disappoint me—save me from the horrors of a jail." *O tempora, O mores!* Who could have imagined that poverty, in its most appalling form, would have been permitted to assail the dying bed of a poet universally admired, and who, a few years before, had seen almost all the wealth and learning of the metropolis fluttering around him.

When Burns found himself at a short distance from "the bourne whence no traveller returns," he became apprehensive of the attacks that might be levelled at his reputation, when no longer restrained by the dread of his resentment. "I have often," he says in a letter to Erskine of Mar, "in blasting anticipation, listened to some future hackney scribbler with the heavy malice of stupidity exulting in his hireling paragraphs. 'Burns,

notwithstanding the faufaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held forth to public view and to public estimation as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the vilest of mankind.'—In your hands, sir, permit me to lodge my disavowal and defiance of the slanderous falsehood. Burns was a poor man by birth, and an exciseman by necessity, but I will say it—the sterling of his honest worth no poverty could debase, and his independent British mind oppression might bend, but could not subdue."

Burns at first experienced some slight benefit from sea-bathing, but it was the flickering of the light in the socket when about to expire, for in the course of a few days his disorder gained such additional strength, as made it evident that the most brilliant poetical luminary that had ever risen on the Caledonian horizon was on the eve of extinction. On the 14th of July he was seized with fever, and expressed an earnest wish to return home. On the 18th he was conveyed to Dumfries in a spring-cart, from which, when he alighted, he could scarcely support himself. When the news spread through the town that the poet's life was hastening to its close, a deep feeling of anxiety and sorrow, as if for some public calamity, was manifested by all classes. "I was present," says Allan Cunningham, "and saw it. Wherever two or three were together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of. I heard one

of a group inquire with much simplicity, 'Who do you think will be our poet now?'"

The important services which, at this period of Burns's history, a young lady, named Jessie Lewars, rendered to his family, when deserted by almost every other person, ought never to be forgotten by his admirers. The poet was on his deathbed—his wife was in daily expectation of confinement—there were four helpless children to be taken care of, and the attendance of a nurse which, in these circumstances, was so loudly called for, could not be obtained, because there was no money to purchase it. But this young lady, actuated solely by that melting compassion for friendless distress which is one of the brightest ornaments of her sex, entered, like a ministering angel, the desolated house of the poet, and dedicated herself to the cares of its superintendence with all the tenderness and anxiety of a mother.

Though after Burns had returned from the Brow, his disorder was marked with those symptoms which usually announce the near approach of dissolution, it was not till the fourth day that the citadel of life yielded to the attacks of the last enemy. On that day, after swallowing with avidity a cordial, he started almost wholly up—sprung forward on the bed, and fell on his face. This convulsive effort dislodged the small remnant of life, for when his attendant went to replace him on the bed, it was discovered that the vital spark had fled.

His interment took place on the 25th of July, and as he had belonged to the regiment of Dumfries Volunteers, it was conducted with what are called military honours, which, if intended to give eclat to a funeral, are very

much out of place, and if to render the scene impressive, are superfluous ; for what can enhance the natural solemnity of death itself ? His remains were followed by many thousands, including all the respectable inhabitants of Dumfries and neighbourhood ; and when the coffin was lowered into the earth, the tears of many attested the grief with which the final disappearance of Scotland's darling bard was beheld. It was a singular and affecting coincidence, that while the funeral procession of her husband was on its way to the cemetery, Mrs. Burns gave birth to a son, who shortly afterwards followed his father to the grave.

The poet's remains are enclosed in a mausoleum, in the centre of which stands a marble monument, embodying that beautiful passage in the dedication of his poems to the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt :—“ The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough ; and threw her inspiring mantle over me.” It would scarcely be believed, were not the fact indubitable, that the inscription on this monument is expressed in Latin, and, consequently, not intelligible to one among a thousand. If to epitaphise the author of “ Tam O'Shanter,” and the address to a “ Scots Haggis,” in a dead language, was not the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity, we know not where to find it. It was

“ Enough to rouse the dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment his wan cheek.”

Two other monuments have been erected to him ; one adorns the Doon, near the place of his birth, and the other, by the celebrated Flaxman, the Calton Hill of

Edinburgh. To these memorials of a nation's admiration vast numbers repair annually, like pilgrims to the shrines of celebrated saints, from all parts of the civilized world. The anniversary of his birth is celebrated in the principal towns of the kingdom. His songs are sung on the banks of the Mississippi and the Ganges : several of our most eminent poets have invoked the muse in his commendation. Statuary has embodied his principal characters, and painting illustrated his descriptions, and portions of the rafters of Alloway Kirk, to which his "Tam O'Shanter" has imparted a classical interest, are deemed precious relics by those who have had the good fortune to obtain them.

Robert Burns was born at Alloway on the 25th day of February, 1759, and died on the 22d of July, 1796.

We cannot let slip the opportunity which the above account affords us, of cautioning our readers against purchasing copies of Burns's works till they have satisfied themselves that they are correct. We have seen many editions of them disfigured in almost every page with such gross blunders as not only deprived the finest passages of their point and spirit, but rendered them absolutely nonsensical. This remark is applicable not only to the cheap editions, but to a number of the more showy and expensive ones ; and, we regret to say, may be extended to the generality of popular publications. How a publisher who deteriorates the gold of Burns with an admixture of such worthless dross can look the public in the face without shame, we cannot comprehend. Admitting that, to save expense, the correction of the press was confided to printers' devils, we have wondered how even the

dullest of that fraternity could suffer such glaring solecisms of sentiment, grammar, and orthography, as we have frequently met with, to elude his discernment. Never purchase a copy of Burns without examining it, unless its accuracy be guaranteed by some editor of approved capability.

THE
RAILWAY COMPANION
TO GREENOCK.

AFTER leaving Paisley,* the Railway passes over a series of brick arches, at the termination of which, there is a very fine bridge across Underwood street. This bridge is what is technically called a skew bridge. It is built at an angle of 28° , being the sharpest angle at which a bridge has ever been attempted in masonry. The Railway then passes on retaining walls close by the race-course, through some gardens belonging to the town of Paisley. You are then carried through the lands of the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Douglas, and Wm. Maxwell Alexander, Esq., and cross the Black Cart water by a very handsome wooden bridge. At this point the foundation was found to be of soft mud for a great depth, and on this account it was not considered safe to attempt building a stone bridge; a wooden one was therefore adopted, which is found to answer the purpose extremely well; it remains perfectly steady as the trains pass over it.

After crossing the Black Cart, you get into the lands

* A notice of Paisley, and a description of the Railroad from Glasgow to that town, will be found in the preceding Railway Companion from Glasgow to Ayr.

of Blackstone, and in the immediate vicinity of the railway, on the south, is situated Blackstone house, the seat of William Napier, Esq. This gentleman succeeded his brother Alexander Napier, who was for several years Lieutenant Colonel of the 92d regiment, and who fell while commanding that distinguished corps at the battle of Corunna. The mansion-house stands on the left bank of the Black Cart, about two miles north-west from Paisley, and is very pleasantly situated amidst sheltering woods.

The line then passes through the lands of Blackstone, until it reaches the river Gryffe, over which is a very handsome wooden bridge adopted for the same reason as that assigned for the bridge of the same material already mentioned. This bridge has been found to answer equally well as the former the purpose of its erection. You then get again into the lands of Lord Douglas, and pass over the turnpike road to Houstoun, where the Directors intend to build a station-house. Houstoun is a considerable village; it is divided into two long streets, one on each side of the rivulet of Houstoun burn; the houses generally two stories in height, are substantial and comfortable; the principal occupation of the inhabitants, who are sober and industrious, is the weaving of silk and cotton, and there is a considerable bleachfield, at which a good many hands are employed. You then get into Fulwood moss, the property of Lord Douglas and Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Blythwood, whose house stands on the south bank of the Clyde, about six miles west from Glasgow. It was erected by the late proprietor from designs by Mr. Gillespie Graham, and completed in 1821. It is of large dimensions, and built of the

finest polished freestone. The east front presents a beautiful specimen of the Ionic order, having an elegant portico of four columns, which support a pediment, in the tympanum of which the arms of the family are displayed. The prospect from this mansion, Pennant, the celebrated tourist, pronounces "the most elegant and the softest of any in North Britain." The grounds are well wooded, and kept in excellent order. The late proprietor, who died in 1838, held for several years the offices of Lord Lieutenant and Convener of the County of Renfrew, and was Member of Parliament for the Glasgow district of burghs, under the former system of representation. Soon after his death, a numerous meeting of the noblemen and gentlemen of the county was held, at which resolutions were passed for transmitting to posterity "some lasting mark of the high and grateful sense which the county at large entertains of the public services and private worth of Mr. Campbell." In accordance with these resolutions a large sum was subscribed, and it has been determined that the monument shall be one combining some purpose of public utility with the demonstration of respect for the memory of Mr. Campbell. How much is it to be wished, that all the monuments to departed worth had been erected on the principle adopted on this occasion by the Renfrewshire gentlemen.

From Fulwood moss you pass into Dargavel moss, the property of William Maxwell, Esq. Dargavel House was built in 1584 by Patrick Maxwell, if an inscription on a stone in the front wall bearing this date and his name, may be credited. This edifice is built in the French style, which Mary, whose tastes were all French, introduced into Scotland, and having undergone little

alteration, it may be considered as a specimen of the style of building which prevailed in Scotland at the time of its erection. Like most of the other dwellings of the Scottish aristocracy of that turbulent period, it is built in the castellated form, having flanking towers, with loopholes for the discharge of musketry. The engineer experienced considerable difficulty in getting the Railway carried through Dargavel moss, but by skill and perseverance a firm foundation was at length secured. You then come into a deep cutting through Barrangy Hill, the property of Mr. Maxwell. Over this hill, at its deepest place, is thrown a very handsome bridge of three arches. You then pass over a deep embankment, and get into the lands of Matthew Rodger, Esq. of Rossland; then passing through a deep cutting, you leave West Rossland house on the south.

You then get into the hill of

BISHOPTON,

Where the work to be performed, was perhaps the most extraordinary of the kind in the world. The cutting was composed of the very hardest description of whinstone rock, which was obliged to be cut a depth of sixty, and in several places of seventy feet, before the proper level could be obtained. You then pass through two tunnels, which are each about 300 yards long, with an open cutting or "*eye*" between them. This eye is 100 yards long, about 40 feet wide, and 70 feet deep. You then pass for a considerable distance through the west side of the ridge, which is about

60 feet deep. This Herculean undertaking has been executed in an almost incredibly short space of time, having been completed in about two years, which reflects very great credit on the talents and energy of the engineer by whom it was superintended. On getting clear of this formidable ridge, you leave the old house of Bishopton, on the south, perched among rocks and trees, like an eagle's nest. This house, it is understood, was in former times the residence of the Bishop of Glasgow, and from this circumstance it is highly probable that its name was derived. Bishopton is a scattered village, whose inhabitants are for the most part employed in agricultural occupations. All the land here, from West Rossland house to West Ferry, belongs to Lord Blantyre. The family of which this nobleman is the representative, is traceable to a royal origin, having descended from the unfortunate line of the Stuarts. The lands of which Lord Blantyre is the proprietor, are still called the Barony of Erskine, from the name of their original proprietor. These lands lie on the south bank of the Clyde, about ten miles below Glasgow. Erskine House, the seat of his Lordship, is a modern mansion in the Elizabethan style, and is seen to great advantage from the eminence on which it stands. It was designed by the celebrated Sir Robert Smirke, and is one of the most magnificent edifices in Renfrewshire. Its extent in front is 185 feet, exclusive of the kitchen department. It has upwards of 75 apartments. The picture gallery, which contains a goodly number of the choicest productions of art, is 118 feet in length, and when the folding doors by which the vestibule, hall, and gallery are separated from each other, are removed, an extent of not less than 196 feet presents itself to the wondering spectator. The

house, from its elevated position, commands an extensive view of the beautiful scenery amidst which it is situated ; and in the very tastefully laid out pleasure-grounds there is a handsome obelisk, which was erected by the noblemen and gentlemen of the county in testimony of their respect for the late Lord Blantyre. This nobleman, who had braved unhurt the dangers of many a bloody battle during the late war, met with an untimely and accidental death in Brussels, in September, 1830. He was succeeded by his son Charles, now Lord Blantyre, who was a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, but who, we understand, has retired from the service, and now devotes himself to the superintendence and improvement of his estate.

Passing through this nobleman's lands, across the Greenock turnpike road, the line passes along a very deep embankment, entirely formed of broken rock taken from the neighbouring hill. The parliamentary line was carried into the sea at this point ; but the engineer has altered it in such a manner as to diminish the quantity of matter in the embankment nearly one-half, and, consequently, lessened in the same proportion the labour of executing it. To the north of the line is West Ferry house, from which point the Directors have it in contemplation to make a pier into the river to low water-mark, and establish a ferry to Dumbarton, with the view of attracting to their line the immense traffic from the valley of the Leven.

DUMBARTON

Is a royal burgh, and the capital of a county, but *presents little* calculated to gratify the curiosity of

a stranger. The principal street, which runs north and south, contains a good many houses and shops of a respectable appearance; but, generally speaking, the town has been irregularly laid out. In those additions, however, which have recently been made to it, the style of building displays the improving taste of the present age. Some years ago, a new jail and public offices were erected, of which it stood much in need. Crown and plate glass and bottles are manufactured here to a large extent, and the quality of the glass is not surpassed by that of any produced in Britain. The works give employment to about 300 men, consume yearly about 15,000 tons of coals, and pay from £40,000 to £50,000 of excise duties annually. The shipping, which in 1692 consisted of only a single bark of twenty-four tons, amounted in 1791 to 2000 tons, and since that period has considerably increased.

But, though Dumbarton had been much more insignificant than it is, the fortress in its vicinity, which has been the theatre of some of the most interesting exploits recorded in Scottish history, would have stamped an importance on it. This castle, built upon an insulated rock which rises 650 feet above the level of the sea, and which, in days of yore, frowned defiance on the enemies of Scotland, is perhaps the most striking and picturesque object to be met with on the Clyde. Our limits will only permit us to glance at a few particulars connected with the history of this fortress. During those disputes which took place between Mary and the confederated lords, after the death of her husband, Henry Darnley, this castle was held for her by Lord Fleming, who was then its governor. But when her friends were conveying her

to it, they were intercepted and signally defeated by the Regent Murray. Lord Fleming, however, kept possession of the castle in her name for three years after this defeat, when it was taken by Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill. He marched from Glasgow one evening with a few followers of undaunted courage, and reached about midnight the foot of the rock. Crawford and a soldier, who had deserted from the garrison, climbed to a ledge of the rock, and made fast a ladder to a tree. The party by this ladder reached their leader, when it was again made fast for the higher ascent which had yet to be made. But in this stage of the perilous undertaking, a circumstance occurred which threatened its frustration. One of the foremost men, either overpowered by fear or some sudden indisposition, made a dead halt on the ladder, to which he clung in a motionless and apparently lifeless state. The ascent of his companions was thus rendered quite impracticable. Humanity pleaded against his being thrown from the ladder, and if this cruel expedient had been adopted, the noise of his fall might have alarmed the garrison, and endangered the lives of the assailants. The sagacity of the leader suggested a contrivance, by which this formidable obstacle was soon got rid of. He ordered the soldier to be made fast to the ladder, and then causing it to be reversed, the rest of the soldiers ascended in safety to the wall of the castle. A sentinel, who observed them, gave the alarm, but he was immediately knocked down, after which the assailants rushed into the castle, and soon made themselves masters of the cannon, with which they opened a fire on the besieged. The officers and soldiers of the *garrison*, startled from their sleep by the noise, were

thrown into such a state of alarm and confusion by so sudden and unexpected an attack, that they scarcely made a show of resistance, but sought their safety by submission or flight. On the side of the assailants not a man was lost, and for this gallant achievement the Regent rewarded Captain Crawford with an annual pension of £200.

In the troublesome times of Charles I. this fortress fell into the hands of the Covenanters. Sir William Stewart, the Captain of the castle, having gone to the church of Dumbarton with a part of the garrison, on Sunday, the 24th of March, 1639, John Semple, the Provost of the town, with a body of armed Covenanters, took Stewart and his soldiers prisoners. They threatened Stewart with death, unless he communicated to them the countersign of the castle, which he having done, they obtained admission into it, and compelled those who had been left in it, to surrender it on the following morning.

In the armoury of this fortress there is a very large double-handed sword, which few men of the present day would be able to wield. It is double-edged, and five feet long, but is reported to have lost nine inches of its original length. If tradition may be credited, this will be regarded by Scotchmen as a very interesting relic, as it is said to be the identical sword which belonged to the illustrious Wallace, with which he so bravely defended the liberties of his country. This supposition receives countenance from the fact, that Wallace, after having been betrayed into the hands of the English, was carried to Dumbarton Castle, where, it is not improbable, that his sword would be left when its master was sent to Ed-

ward, King of England, to undergo the barbarous death, or rather legal murder, which that monarch caused to be inflicted upon him. Until within these five years, this sword having been carelessly kept, was covered with rust, but having been sent to the Tower of London, it was cleaned and repaired, and afterwards returned as a precious relic to the Castle of Dumbarton.

In a small state prison near the barracks, one of Bonaparte's officers, General Simon, was confined for two years. The General having formerly been taken prisoner, was permitted to go at large on his parole of honour, but he violated his parole, and escaped to France. Being sometime afterwards retaken, he was shut up in this prison, where he remained till liberated by the return of peace. The population of Dumbarton in 1831 was 4108.

The line now crosses the Houstoun road, and passes for a short distance through the lands of General Darroch. It then gets into the Eastbank property, which formerly belonged to the Ladies Semple, and was purchased by the Company, who afterwards sold it to Mr. J. D. Bannatyne, Glasgow. The line then returns to the lands of Drums, passing over a slight embankment, then through a deep whinstone cutting, whence it emerges into the lands of Finlayston. In the immediate vicinity of the line on the south stands Finlayston house, on a rising ground. It is a large and magnificent edifice, and was formerly for a long period the principal seat of the Earls of Glencairn, from whom it descended to William C. C. Graham, Esq., of Gartmore, the representative of that noble family, and is now, with the lands pertaining to it, *in possession* of R. C. Bontine, Esq.

The line now winds along between the turnpike road and the river, passing through the lands of Broadfield, the property of S. H. Somerville, Esq., whose mansion stands on a rising ground about half a mile to the south of the Railway. Continuing its course along the bank of the river, the line crosses a small bay by a very handsome viaduct of fourteen arches, whence it passes through the gardens of Newark Castle, a fine old ruin, in the Elizabethan style. Here the line comes into immediate contact with Port-Glasgow, and crosses Robert Street, Bans Brae, Chapel Lane, Balfour Street, William Street, Mary Street, and Devil's Glen Avenue.

PORT-GLASGOW

Cannot boast great antiquity. In 1668, the Town Council of Glasgow purchased from Sir Patrick Maxwell a piece of ground, with the right of forming a harbour on the bay of Newark; and on the 27th of January, in that year, they resolved that "ane pier or harbour with some houses and dykes be buildit with the best conveniencie, with what farder sall be fund necessar to be done upon the grund now bought by the towne fra the laird of Newark, and that upon the towne's public chargeis, and that the haill benefeit and commoditie (which) can be made thairby, redownd to the towne's use." To this resolution of the Glasgow authorities, the existence of Port-Glasgow may be attributed. For nearly half a century, however, the town acquired little importance, but in 1710 it became the principal custom-house port on the Clyde, and for a time maintained a successful rivalry

with the neighbouring port of Greenock. It obtained the privileges of a burgh of barony in 1775, by act of Parliament, and by the late Borough Reform Act it was united with Rutherglen, Dumbarton, and Renfrew, in electing a member of Parliament.

It possesses two commodious and well-sheltered harbours, and it was here that the first dry or graving dock in Scotland was constructed. The bay of Newark was some years ago converted into a large dock, where the largest merchant-vessels may float in safety at all times of the tide. In the year 1834 there arrived in the port :—

			Ships.	Tons.
From West Indies,	-	-	26	6,934
East Indies,	-	-	3	1,040
British North America,	-	-	36	17,317
United States,	-	-	6	1,857
Mediterranean,	-	-	11	1,545
				<hr/>
Total,	-	-	82	28,693

During the same year the export trade amounted as follows :—

			Ships.	Tons.
To West Indies,	-	-	29	7,522
East Indies,	-	-	12	3,952
British North America,	-	-	30	14,820
United States,	-	-	4	1,201
Mediterranean,	-	-	11	1,535
				<hr/>
Total,	-	-	86	28,530

Of the extent to which North American timber is imported, the following will give an idea :—

	Tons.
In 1825 it amounted to - - -	19,650
1829, - - - - - -	16,620
1834, - - - - - -	27,975

Shipbuilding is carried on in Port-Glasgow to a considerable extent, and in the construction of steam-vessels, of which it has produced a great number, the superiority of its workmanship is universally acknowledged. In the manufacture of ropes and sailcloth, and in the refining of sugar, a considerable proportion of its population is employed.

There are three places of public worship, viz. :—an excellent parish church, built in 1823, towards the expense of erecting which, the wealthier inhabitants liberally contributed; a chapel of ease; and a church in connection with the Associate Synod.

The Town House is creditable to the liberality and taste of its projectors, and may vie with edifices appropriated to the same purpose in several towns of greater pretension and extent. It is adorned with a neat portico, and surmounted with an elegant spire.

The town, from the regularity of its streets, and the nearly equal size of its houses, which are mostly white-washed, has a handsome appearance, and the well-wooded hill, intersected with romantic glens, at the bottom of which it stands, and by which it is sheltered, together with the well cultivated gardens that lie along the bank of the river, present a pleasing and picturesque appearance.

The only antiquity connected with Port-Glasgow, is

the Barony of Newark, which, at a remote period belonged to the family of Dennistoun, and, after having experienced a more than ordinary share of those fluctuations of possessorship to which property is liable, is now in the possession of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. On part of this barony Port-Glasgow is built. The castle of Newark stands on an eminence which projects into the river, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. It appears to have combined with the conveniences of a dwelling, the capabilities of a fortress to protect the inmates from those sudden and barbarous attacks which were frequently made by one baron upon another, during the turbulent and lawless periods of our history. Some fragments of the wall with which the structure was originally surrounded are still to be seen. A portion of this once splendid mansion is now inhabited by tradesmen's families, and on part of a walled garden on its south side, encroachments have been made by the Glasgow and Greenock Railway.

The population, which in 1700 was only 400, had amounted in 1835 to 6018.

On leaving Port-Glasgow, the line passes again through the property of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, then through some very fine gardens, and after traversing a slight cutting, runs along a considerable embankment, on leaving which a deep excavation occurs, on Cartsburn hill. On leaving this hill the line passes a very extensive foundry, belonging to Messrs Caird & Co. This establishment has long been celebrated for the manufacture of marine engines.

You are now in the immediate vicinity of Greenock, and after crossing Arthur Street by a very fine skew

bridge, Stenue Street, Cartsburn Street, East Stewart Street, St. Andrew Street, and Delingburn Street, over which is placed a fine bridge of five arches, you reach your destination at the

GREENOCK STATION-HOUSE,

And the belching Salamander, to whose laborious exertions you are indebted for the speed with which your journey has been accomplished, enjoys a short interval of repose.

The station-house stands opposite Cathcart Street. Its front, including the gate, occupies a space of a hundred feet, and its extent behind, forty feet. The front consists of a centre, formed by a slightly projecting portico of ten Corinthian pilasters with beautifully carved capitals which support an entablature and two slightly receding wings with pilasters at each end. On the upper part of the cornice is a raised blocking course, with a lofty balustrade and piers over each pilaster. The entrance is by the centre of the portico up a flight of steps to the elevated ground floor. The building is separated from the street by an elegant stone balustrade, on the pedestals of which is raised a series of beautifully bronzed lamps. On each side of the building there is a handsome stone archway butting against the balustrade at each end. On one side of the archway is to be laid a line of rails from the Depot to the docks and wharfs for the conveyance of goods, and by the other archway the passengers are to retire by the stair which descends from the Railway. The ground-floor is occupied by the book-
ing-office, parcel-room, and housekeeper's apartments;

and on the upper-floor, which is on a level with the Railway, are placed the Directors' room, Secretary's room, and passengers' waiting-rooms.

GREENOCK.

Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane, and choked the loaded street
With foreign plenty.—*Thomson.*

OF the importance to which Scotland has risen as a commercial country, Greenock affords a striking illustration. In the course of little more than a century, she has advanced from a paltry fishing village, consisting of a few thatched cottages, to the first sea-port of Scotland. Better harbour accommodations, with all the necessary appurtenances of sheds and warehouses than she possesses, will perhaps no where else be found. Her enterprising citizens have spared no expense in obtaining for her port those advantages which have raised it to its merited pre-eminence; and in every port of the world to which British commerce has extended, her vessels will be found. In proof of the astonishing increase of her trade, it may be mentioned that, in 1728, her custom-house dues were only £15,281; and in 1837, they amounted to £380,703.

In ship-building—the manufacture of ropes and sail-cloth—refining of sugar—making silk, felt, and straw hats—pottery ware—flint glass—steam engines and chain cables—a great deal of business is done.

In what may be termed the old town, the streets, like those in the older portions of most other Scottish towns, are *irregular and narrow*; for, in laying out their towns,

our ancestors were great economists of space ; but to the streets that have been formed at a comparatively recent period, and which constitute that part of the town where the higher classes reside, an ample breadth has been given. The land behind Greenock rises into hills about 800 feet high, and from these, an admirer of the beauties of nature will enjoy one of the finest prospects which the magnificent scenery of Scotland affords. Dumbarton Castle, so interesting from its connexion with the warlike and chivalric periods of Scottish history, will meet his eye on the east ; on the north "the lofty Ben Lomond," on the west the Argyleshire mountains, and on the south, the solitary grandeur of the Crag of Ailsa. And should he direct his view to the spacious bay of Greenock, and see, as will probably be the case, some vessels returning from distant voyages, and others preparing to set out on them, he will, perhaps, wonder why so many men are found willing to encounter the difficulties and dangers with which a sea-faring life is attended.

The custom-house, which includes accommodation for the excise department, is an elegant structure in the Grecian style ; it cost £30,000, and is conveniently situated in the centre of the quay. The tontine hotel was erected in 1801 ; it consists of one large hall, and many smaller apartments. It is a substantial edifice, and cost £10,000. The exchange buildings, which contain two large assembly rooms, and a variety of other accommodations, was completed in 1814, at an expense of £7000. Behind the exchange stands the theatre, a small but neat edifice, built by the late Stephen Kemble. The town hall, where the magistrates assemble and justice is ad-

ministered, was planned by James Watt, and finished in 1776. The jail, which serves also for a bridewell, was built in 1810; it is a castellated building, stands in an open and airy situation, and is surrounded with a pretty high wall. The coffee-room, erected in 1820, cost nearly £2,500; it is well supplied with newspapers, and other periodical publications, and strangers are admitted to it without subscription, on introduction. In 1809, an infirmary was erected. This useful institution owes its existence and support to the liberality of the inhabitants. There are twenty-two places of worship belonging to the various denominations into which the christian world is divided. It is still, however, alleged, that the supply of religious instruction is not adequate to the wants of the population.

In Greenock, as in almost all other towns and villages of Scotland, the means of education are abundantly supplied. Nor are those children the poverty of whose parents renders them unable to bestow this advantage on them neglected. For them, an ample supply of teaching is provided by the liberality of the wealthier inhabitants.

About seventy years ago, a curious instance occurred of the contempt in which polite literature was held by the Greenock authorities. A person named John Wilson was appointed master of the grammar school, but it was found out that he had been guilty of publishing a poem, called "Clyde." When this discovery was made, he was told by the magistrates and ministers—for, strange as it may seem, with the narrow prejudices of the former, the latter were infected—that he would not be permitted to retain the office into which he had been installed unless he abandoned "the profane and unpro-

fitable art of poem-making." To this mortifying condition, Wilson, who could not live upon poetry, was obliged to submit ; but, being fired with the love of fame,

" That last infirmity of noble minds,"

he threw many a wistful look at his forbidden lyre, and deeply lamented the cruel necessity which interdicted the gratification of his darling passion. In a letter to his son George, who was attending the University of Glasgow, dated January 21, 1799, he says—"I once thought to live by the breath of fame ; but how miserably was I disappointed, when, instead of having my performance applauded in crowded theatres, and being caressed by the great—for what will not a poetaster in his intoxicating delirium of possession dream?—I was condemned to bawl myself to hoarseness to wayward brats, to cultivate sand, and wash Ethiopians for all the dreary days of an obscure life, the contempt of shopkeepers and brutish skippers." The "Clyde," an excellent poem, was republished in Edinburgh, and contained a masterly biographical sketch of the author, from the pen of Dr Leyden.

In no country of the world is the desire for that instruction and amusement which books afford so generally prevalent as in Scotland. The great diminution which of late years has taken place in the price of books, has placed the luxury of reading within the reach of every class, except the very poorest one, of our population. In the march of intellect Greenock has not lagged behind. The public subscription library, instituted in 1783, contains upwards of 10,000 volumes ; the mechanics' library consists of 1200 volumes, and there are many

other public reading-rooms in the town. There are an extensive Medical Library and a Museum, belonging to the Medico-Chirurgical Association, established in 1818, consisting of medical practitioners in the town and neighbourhood. There are three observatories, one belonging to the town, another to Mr Heron, containing an astronomical clock of a very ingenious construction, and another to Mr Clark, watchmaker.

Greenock has not produced many great men ; but among the celebrated characters to whom it has had the honour of giving birth, the first place is unquestionably due to James Watt, who, with the steam-engine, has performed the marvels fabulously ascribed by Virgil to *Æolus*—created a power which controls the elements, and makes the winds and the seas obey him—whose discoveries in mechanical science have constituted an epoch in the annals of the world, and produced such important, wide-spread, and incalculably valuable advantages to mankind, as have entitled him to their eternal gratitude and admiration. It often happens that the boy is not only in his corporeal form, but also in the lineaments of his mind the miniature of the man. In the childhood of this extraordinary genius the dawnings of those great talents appeared, from which such splendid results were destined to emanate. Young Watt was observed by a gentleman who had called upon his father, at work upon the marble hearth with a piece of coloured chalk. “Mr Watt,” said he, “you ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home.” “Look how my child is employed, before you condemn him,” replied the *father*. The gentleman then took a nearer view of the

hearth, and saw that a number of mathematical lines and circles were drawn on it. This induced him to put various questions to the child, who surprised him with the intelligence which his answers displayed. It was found that what he had taken for a frivolous amusement was an attempt at the solution of a geometrical problem. When his aunt, Mrs Muirhead, was one evening sitting with her young nephew at the tea table, she said, "James, I never saw such an idle boy! Take a book, or employ yourself usefully. For the last half hour you have not spoken a word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup, and now a silver spoon, over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and counting the drops of water formed by condensation." Never was a reprimand more unmerited than this, for the young engineer, instead of idling away his time, was trying on a small scale what that power could accomplish, with which he afterwards produced such stupendous effects.

James Watt was born in Greenock, on the 19th day of January, in the year 1736. His great-grandfather was a farmer in the county of Aberdeen, and fell in one of Montrose's battles. His property was confiscated by the government. He left a son named Thomas, who was taken care of by some distant relations, and at last settled in Greenock, where he taught mathematics and the elements of navigation. He resided in the burgh of barony of Crawford's-Dyke, in which he held for several years the office of chief magistrate, and died in 1734, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. Thomas Watt had two sons. The elder, John, followed in Glasgow the occupation of his father, and the younger, James, was for

many years councillor, treasurer, and bailie of Greenock. He was a builder and merchant, and furnished the instruments necessary for navigation. This individual, who died in 1782, at the age of eighty-four, was the father of the illustrious engineer. James Watt, who was in infancy a very delicate child, received his first instruction in reading from his mother, whose family name was Muirhead; his father taught him writing and arithmetic, and the grammar-school of Greenock had the honour of receiving him as a pupil. But his infirm state of health rendered his attendance on school very irregular, and confined him for a good part of his time to his chamber. Here, however, he was not idle, but eagerly availed himself of every opportunity for acquiring knowledge, which his indisposition permitted him to enjoy. The truth is, Mr Watt received far more instruction from himself, or by his own unassisted efforts, than from his teachers; and this will be found to be the case with every man who rises to eminence in science or literature.

With his talents for profound calculation, Mr Watt combined those which delight the social circle. Of the interest with which he could invest an anecdote or a tale, a curious account is given in a letter to his mother from one of her friends with whom Watt, not yet fourteen years of age, had for some time resided,—“You must take your son James home, I cannot stand the degree of excitement he keeps me in; I am worn out for want of sleep. Every evening before ten o'clock, our usual time of retiring to rest, he contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and *whether* humorous or pathetic, the interest is so over-

powering, that the family all listen to him with breathless attention, and hour after hour strikes unheeded."

In the year 1757, we find Mr Watt settled in Glasgow, as a maker of mathematical instruments. But from some of the corporations, who looked on him as an intruder on their privileges, he met with such strong opposition as might have obliged him to discontinue his business, had he not been taken under the protecting wing of the university, which gave him a shop within its own precincts, and conferred on him the title of mathematical instrument maker to the university. The professors, to whose generous exertions young Watt was chiefly indebted for this seasonable act of patronage, were Adam Smith, author of "the Wealth of Nations;" Dr Black, one of the first chemists of the eighteenth century; Robert Simson, the celebrated restorer of Euclid; and Dr Dick, professor of Natural Philosophy.

It soon appeared that Watt had other claims to respect besides those which he derived from his ingenuity as a mathematical instrument maker. His shop became a kind of academy, whither professors and students resorted to discuss the most difficult questions of art, science, and literature. Professor Robison, after being introduced to him by Drs. Simson, Dick, and Moore, says—"I saw a workman, and expected no more; but was surprised to find a philosopher as young as myself, and always ready to instruct me. I had the vanity to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favourite study, and was rather mortified at finding Mr Watt so much my superior."

It is the prerogative of genius to triumph over difficulties insuperable to ordinary minds, and, like all other

men of great and original powers, Watt delighted to grapple with difficult subjects. Though so insensible to the charms of music that he could not distinguish one note from another, he built an organ, into the mechanical details of which he introduced a variety of important improvements. This bold effort was rewarded with complete success. Professional musicians were delighted with the powers of harmony which the instrument displayed.

Our astonishment at the effects produced by the power to which Watt gave birth, or which, at least, he improved and perfected, is increased when we consider upon what an economical principle its operations are performed. If the man who causes an ear of corn to spring up where none grew before, should be considered a benefactor to mankind, how strong must the claims of that man be to the gratitude of his species, who has taught them to extract from a bushel of coal an amount of labour equal to what twenty men, working ten hours a day, would perform? In the coal districts a bushel of coal can often be got for less than ninepence; from which it follows, that by the process discovered by Watt, ten hours' hard labour of a man can be performed at the prodigiously low rate of less than a halfpenny. Throughout England and Scotland, the number of Watt's machines may, without exaggeration, be computed at twenty thousand. By these machines the work of a million of horses, or of six or eight millions of men is performed, by which an annual saving of from £24,000,000 to £30,000,000 sterling is effected. Nor ought we to omit observing, that these six or eight millions of labourers whom Watt has created, are the most *sober* and *steady*

labourers in the kingdom, and though working at the low rate of one halfpenny per day, not a murmur of discontentment with their lot escapes their lips. Lord Liverpool declared that "Watt's improvements had increased to an incalculable degree the resources of his country, and even those of the whole world;" and it was the opinion of Mr Huskisson, that "without the inventions of Watt, the British nation could never have sustained the enormous expense of its last war with France."

With his vast superiority of talent, this illustrious engineer united the most estimable qualities of the heart. He engaged the esteem and affection of those who were favoured with his personal acquaintance by his amiable candour, scrupulous integrity, ardent benevolence, and the child-like simplicity of his manners. Sir Walter Scott in the preface to "*The Monastery*," speaks of him in the following terms:—

"This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt,—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers, and calculator of numbers as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the kindest and best of human beings."

Mr. Watt, without any diminution of his mental faculties, lived upwards of eighty-two years. His death took place on the 25th of August, 1819. He was interred in the burying ground of the parish church of Handsworth, near Birmingham, in Staffordshire. His son, Mr. James Watt, has erected a splendid gothic

monument to his father, in the centre of which there is a marble statue by Chantrey, which exhibits an admirable representation of the noble features of the original. Other four statues have been erected to him, one in the university of Glasgow, one in Greenock, one in George's Square, Glasgow, and one in Westminster Abbey. This last is considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of Chantrey, and is adorned with an elegant inscription,* which will be found below, from the pen of Lord Brougham.

We shall conclude our notice of the illustrious mechanist, who has emancipated mankind from dependence on the most unsteady of natural causes—atmospheric influence—with the following eloquent passage from M. Arago's Biographical Memoir of James Watt.

“ With the help of a few bushels of coals men will

* Not to perpetuate a name,
which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,
but to show,
that mankind have learnt to honour those
who best deserve their gratitude
THE KING,
his Ministers, and many of the Nobles,
and Commoners of the Realm,
raised this Monument to
JAMES WATT,
who, directing the force of an original genius,
early exercised in philosophical research
to the improvement of
THE STEAM ENGINE,
enlarged the resources of his country,
increased the power of man,
and rose to an eminent place
among the illustrious followers of Science,
and the real benefactors of the world.
Born at Greenock MDCCXXXVI.
Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX.

overcome the elements, and will make light of calms, contrary winds, and even storms. Transport will become much more rapid—the time of the arrival of the steam-vessel, will be as regular as that of our public coaches; and we shall no longer have occasion to remain on the coast for weeks, or even months, the heart a prey to cruel anxiety, watching with anxious eye on the distant horizon for the uncertain traces of the vessel which is to restore to us a father, or a mother, or a brother, or a friend. In fine, the steam-engine conveying in its train thousands of travellers, will run upon railroads more swiftly than the best race-horse, loaded only with its diminutive jockey."

With Greenock also another character of no mean celebrity, was for a considerable part of his life intimately connected. We allude to Mr. John Galt, with whose writings few of our readers, we presume, are altogether unacquainted. Mr. Galt was born in Irvine, but was removed at an early period of his life to Greenock, and resided in it till the age of manhood. He then went to London in prosecution of certain commercial designs, but fortune did not choose to smile on his exertions. After this we find him wandering in quest of fortune or of health, in Italy, Greece, Turkey, France, and America, till advanced age had imperceptibly stolen upon him. He then returned to Greenock, but did not long survive the injury which his constitution had received from several strokes of paralysis which he had suffered.

Besides contributing largely to a number of periodical publications, Galt published about sixty books, of one kind or other. But, alas! how chilled would those hopes of immortality be, which many an author so fondly

cherishes, could he foresee the neglect which not infrequently his most elaborate and highly prized productions are destined to experience. The far greater number of Galt's works appear to be receding fast from public remembrance, and have, we fear, begun their descent into the gulf of oblivion. But there are others of them which, if they will not transmit the name of their author to the latest posterity, will yet, we think, keep it floating for a considerable period on the stream of time. Among his more popular publications may be reckoned, "The Annals of the Parish," "The Ayrshire Legatees," "The Provost," "Laurie Todd," "Ringhan Gilhaize," and a few others.

Although successful authorship indicates qualifications of a higher order than those required for discharging the duties of a tradesman or a merchant, yet it can admit of no doubt that worldly prosperity is a blessing of which almost the whole tribe of professional authors have enjoyed but a very stinted share. Literature, if we may judge from the condition, in a pecuniary point of view, of those who devote themselves to it, is one of the worst paying vocations in which any man can engage; and the circumstance, that several of our living poets, of universally acknowledged celebrity, have been assisted by pensions from government, might be appealed to in corroboration of the melancholy fact.

In the large catalogue of those who have found that authorship—how gratifying soever it may have proved to the love of fame—is not the road that leads to fortune, Mr. Galt's name may be placed. In an account of his life, which he published in two sizeable octavos, he says, *that he was induced to undertake the work, not by his*

will, but by his poverty. The most attractive parts of this autobiography, are those which contain sketches of the eminent persons with whom the author had become acquainted. These sketches are interesting from the conspicuous or influential positions which the subjects of them occupied in the literary or political circles, and from the acute penetration of the writer, whose talent, we think, never appears to so much advantage as when it is employed in the delineation of character.

The great and prevailing error in book-making, is a tedious minuteness of detail on subjects in which the general reader can feel little or no interest. If Mr. Galt's account of his life had been compressed into a moderately sized duodecimo, its intrinsic value would, we think, have suffered little or no diminution; for the prolix account, occupying a large proportion of the work, which he gives of the commercial transactions in which he was engaged, can be interesting only to the few individuals who were concerned in them. But the bodily distress under which the work was written, and the relief from pecuniary difficulties which it was designed to afford, should dispose criticism to look upon its faults with an indulgent eye. Allowances will also be made by the courteous reader for the amplification which usually characterises the narratives of persons in advanced life.

Mr. Galt bore his last illness with manly fortitude. About a fortnight before his death he was visited by a paralytic shock, which was the fourteenth he had suffered. But though this deprived him of the use of speech, it left him in full possession of his mental faculties; for he indicated by intelligible signs that he perfectly comprehended what was said to him. He had for some time

foreseen that he was within a short distance of the "bourne whence no traveller returns," and though he bore with exemplary patience the afflictions under which he laboured, he could not help expressing a wish for the approach of that event by which he would be released from them. He was born in Irvine, on the 2d of May, 1799, and died in Greenock on the 11th of April, 1839.

In Greenock burying ground, the dust of Mary Campbell, whom Burns has immortalised, reposes. To her he was more passionately attached than to any other woman, and she reciprocated his passion. If ever the very soul of the most ardent affection was transfused into verse, it is contained in the two poems that he has consecrated to her memory, which no man of sensibility can peruse without a deep sympathy with the heart-rending grief which they express. The course of true love seldom runs smooth. The union to which the poet looked forward with rapture, was intercepted by that dread destroyer of human felicity—death, who suddenly snatched from his hopes the amiable and virtuous maiden, and consigned her in the bloom of youth and beauty to a premature grave.

In a former part of this work we have given in Burns' own words, an account of the last interview which the lovers enjoyed; and we now add on the authority of a writer, to whom the admirers of Burns are much indebted for the *memorabilia* concerning him, which he has brought to light, that on this interesting occasion,—“the lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook—they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other.”

" Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early ;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary."

It was well known that Burns had given to Mary Campbell the present of a bible, which, it is not improbable, was the one on which the lovers pledged their vows. But of this bible no trace could be discovered till lately, when it was found in Montreal, in America. On the fact being known, a number of Scotsmen purchased the bible from the person into whose hands it had fallen, and anxious to place the preservation of so interesting a relic beyond the reach of accident, they resolved that it should be deposited in the monument erected to Burns on the Doon, in Ayrshire. It was accordingly transmitted to Mr. Robert Weir, stationer, Queen Street, Glasgow, accompanied by a letter from his son, in Montreal, directing it to be confided to the Provost of Ayr, and to be placed by him in the custody of the monument. Attached to the bible is a valuable relic, a lock of Mary's hair ; it is of auburn colour, and on the blank leaves of the bible are written the name of Burns, and two verses from scripture, which, those who possess specimens of his hand-writing, are perfectly satisfied were written by himself. The texts are these : " And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord," Levit. xix. 12. " Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath." Matt. v. 33.

The way in which these interesting mementos have

been disposed of, is highly creditable to the parties concerned, and attests the regard—we may almost say the reverence—with which every object that was in any manner connected with Burns, is cherished by his admiring countrymen.

Mary Campbell's connection with Burns has elevated her to a degree of posthumous consequence which the lowliness of her lot seemed to render it scarcely possible she should ever attain. She shines by the light which Burns sheds upon her as the moon reflects the sun's rays. Little did this humble maiden dream of the renown that awaited the peasant of whom she was the intended spouse. Could she have foreseen the celebrity to which he was destined to rise; could she have known that his genius would throw such a lustre on Scotland, that at the very mention of his name the hearts of his countrymen would swell with honest pride; she might have addressed him,—and from the prospect she had of being united to him in the most endearing relation, there would have been no impropriety in addressing him,—in the language of the poet:—

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanding flies and gathers all its fame;
Say shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?

It has been long considered not very consistent with the high esteem in which Scotland professes to hold the genius of Burns, that no mark of public respect has been paid to the remains of her who inspired the two beautiful elegies with which his poetry is enriched. It is now, *however*, determined that this tribute to the memory of

one whose connection with the poet's history forms one of its most romantic and affecting incidents shall no longer be withheld. Mary Campbell's grave is to be honoured with a monument, which like the shrines that have been consecrated to her lover by the admiration of his country, many a pilgrimage will be undertaken to visit. That a sufficiency of funds for the undertaking will be forthcoming, there can be no doubt; for in addition to a subscription for it which has been opened in Glasgow and Greenock, one gentleman, W. S. Carruthers, Esq. of Dormont, Dumfriesshire, who knew nothing of the subscription started in the west, has intimated in a letter to Mr Weir his intention of defraying the whole expence of it himself. From this letter, which is as creditable to the understanding of Mr Carruthers as the proposal it contains is to his generosity, the following is an extract:—"I am desirous of raising a monument to her (Highland Mary's) memory, not only as a tribute of respect due to the remains of the humble individual, but as a compliment I am anxious to pay to the memory and genius of him who has afforded me so much pleasure—who has conferred an obligation on Scotland, and I might add on every land where our language is understood, which can never be concealed so long as delight is derived from poetry or song." Mr Carruthers concludes by requesting Mr Weir to apply to Mr Hamilton the architect for a drawing of what he may consider a suitable monument for Mary, and that the plan, specifications, estimate of expenses, &c., may be transmitted to him with as little delay as possible. While on the subject of monuments, we cannot help raising our feeble voice against the ingratitude of his country to the memory

of Tannahill, whose songs will never cease to be admired and sung, till poetry and music have ceased to charm.

We shall conclude by briefly adverting to some awful catastrophes of which Greenock and its vicinity were the scenes. A few minutes before six o'clock, on the evening of the 25th of July, 1835, while the Earl Grey steamer was lying at the steamboat quay, and about to start for Glasgow, her boiler burst with a tremendous explosion. The deck, from the funnel to within a few feet of the stern, was blown into the air, with the unfortunate persons who were standing on it, of whom two were thrown upon the quay, and the others into the water. A part of the boiler, six or eight feet square, was driven to a distance of more than a hundred feet. Many of the people standing on the quay were much injured by the scalding water, camp-stools, pieces of wood, coal, &c., which fell upon them. When the explosion took place, about forty persons were on board, of whom a number were seriously injured, and six lost their lives.

On the evening of Saturday, the 21st of November, 1835, shortly after eleven o'clock, the inhabitants of the eastern division of Greenock, and of the adjoining village of Crawford's Dyke, were thrown into a state of inexpressible alarm by the most dreadful and destructive inundation that ever took place in this part of the country. The Whinhill dam, which now forms one of the reservoirs of the Shaws Water Company, was so swollen by the heavy rains which had for some time fallen, that its banks gave way, and a roaring deluge descended upon the low grounds with an impetuosity that nothing could resist. *The horrors of this dreadful visitation were aggravated*

by the lateness of the hour and the darkness of the night in which it took place. So sudden and overwhelming was the descent of the fatal element, that a number of the inhabitants who had retired to bed were drowned in their houses. The escape of two children was almost miraculous. A desperate attempt was made to save them, which happily proved successful. The bed on which they had been laid was found floating on the water, and so insensible were the children to the imminent danger which threatened them, that, when rescued from it, they were enjoying a sound sleep. About forty persons perished by this inundation, which also occasioned the destruction of property to a very large amount.

At Kempock Point, which forms the western extremity of Gourock Bay, the Catherine, of Iona, was, during the night of the 10th of August, 1822, run down by a steam-vessel, when forty-two persons out of forty-six lost their lives.

The memorable catastrophe of the Comet steam-packet occurred near the same place, which had proved fatal to the Catherine. While rounding Kempock Point, about two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of October, 1825, she was run on board, and instantly sunk, by another steam vessel; about sixty human beings perished. Among the sufferers by this tragical occurrence were a lady and a gentleman, whose untimely fate excited great commiseration, and afforded an additional proof to the many already on record of the melancholy fact, that a high degree of happiness is sometimes quickly followed by calamity in its most appalling forms. They had ardently loved each other, but from an unwillingness on

the part of the lady's parents to sanction their union, it had been for a considerable time delayed. It at length, however, took place ; for, to the inexpressible delight of the lovers, the opposition to it was withdrawn, and the remembrance of the grief which that opposition had occasioned, served only to enhance the connubial happiness which it had threatened to prevent. But, alas ! the feeble thread by which this felicity was held, was soon to be snapt asunder. Shortly after the celebration of their nuptials the happy pair set out from the north of Scotland on the voyage destined to have so disastrous a termination. When, from the fatal collision of the vessels, it was evident that death was inevitable, the ill-fated pair employed the only moment of life which yet remained to them in giving a parting proof of their mutual attachment. They tenderly embraced each other, and descended, locked in one another's arms, to their watery grave !

“ O ! what a scene was there to melt the heart
Of hardest stone, and force the stubborn tear
From eyes that never shed a tear before !
In ~~that~~ tremendous moment when the soul
Stood shudd'ring on Eternity's dread brink ;
When, clinging to her husband's nerveless arm
The sharer of his joys and griefs was found,
While on her cold and pallid cheek he press'd
The last memorial of his tenderness,
And, mutually embracing, both resolved
Lock'd in each other's arms to meet their fate !

FINIS.

RAILWAY MAP.

Just Published, neatly done up in a Pocket form,

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